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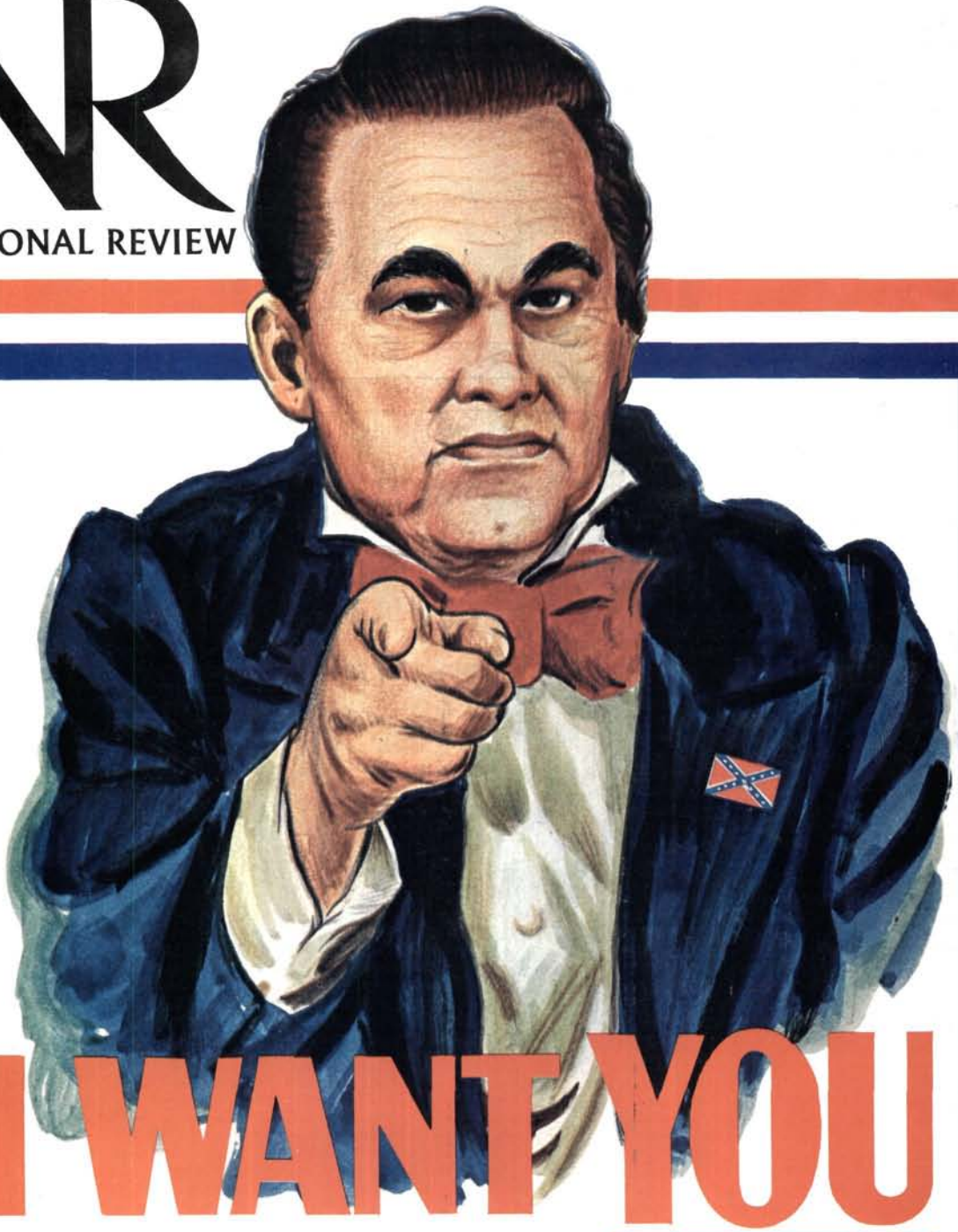
APRIL 25, 1975

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW



I WANT YOU

George Wallace and American Conservatives: THE NEXUS – *M.E. Bradford*

Also In This Issue:

Indochina, RIP by Taki Theodoracopulos ♦ Christians
Jews & Pius XII by Peter We
R. Coyne, Malachi B. Marti

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ROY E SMITH
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The Fabric of

First Navy Jack

A small flag (or "Jack") was traditionally flown at the bow of both American and British Naval Vessels. It usually featured designs and colors adopted from the larger national naval banners (or "Ensigns") . . . which were customarily flown atop the masts. This reproduction shows the first known Continental Navy Jack to be used in the American Revolution (on ships of John Paul Jones, first, and later, by many other commanders). A defiant rattlesnake, plus the ominous warning, "Dont Tread on Me" (without apostrophe) is shown superimposed on a field of 7 white and 6 red stripes. The stripes, totaling 13, symbolize the 13 original colonies. The rattlesnake, which grew to national prominence during the Revolution, was first introduced to the Colonies in a cartoon published by Benjamin Franklin in a 1754 edition of the Philadelphia Gazette.

The First Navy Jac
is one of twelve his
American banners f
fully re-created, afte
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If you have ever despaired—as we had—at the lifeless and frequently inaccurate "line drawings" of historic flags you see in textbooks and encyclopedias . . . if you have sometimes wondered about the real worth of the flat flag representations on the so-called "collectors' metals", or "rare china", or "precious pewter" . . . if you have lamented the fact that nothing short of trips to widely separated museums, monuments and official buildings could accurately re-create for you the colorful banners of our tough forefathers . . . then you will surely understand our enthusiasm for the *value* offered here: *faithful reproductions, carefully researched and handsomely presented* to give pleasure and excite the imagination for years to come!

1. First Continental Regiment Flag. One of the most colorful flags in Revolutionary use. Carried from Cambridge, Mass. to Yorktown, Pa. by the fighting men of Pennsylvania's famous regiment. The Latin motto says, "I Refuse to be Dominated."

2. Betsy Ross Flag. Popularly b
lieved to be the first official flag of t
United States. Although some ins
that Betsy Ross never was commi
sioned by George Washington to d
sign a flag, she and this flag ha
become a popular American legen

7. Moultrie Flag. Inspired by the blue uniforms and crescent-shaped cap badges worn by two South Carolina regiments, this flag flew in the harbor at Charleston, S.C. when, in 1776, Colonel Wm. Moultrie's troops fended off an attack by the British fleet.

8. First Navy Jack. This 1776 Jac
traditionally flown at the bow
American and British naval vesse
features a rattlesnake, a Coloni
Revolutionary symbol, plus the war
ing to the British: "Dont Tread
Me." (The apostrophe was omitted.)

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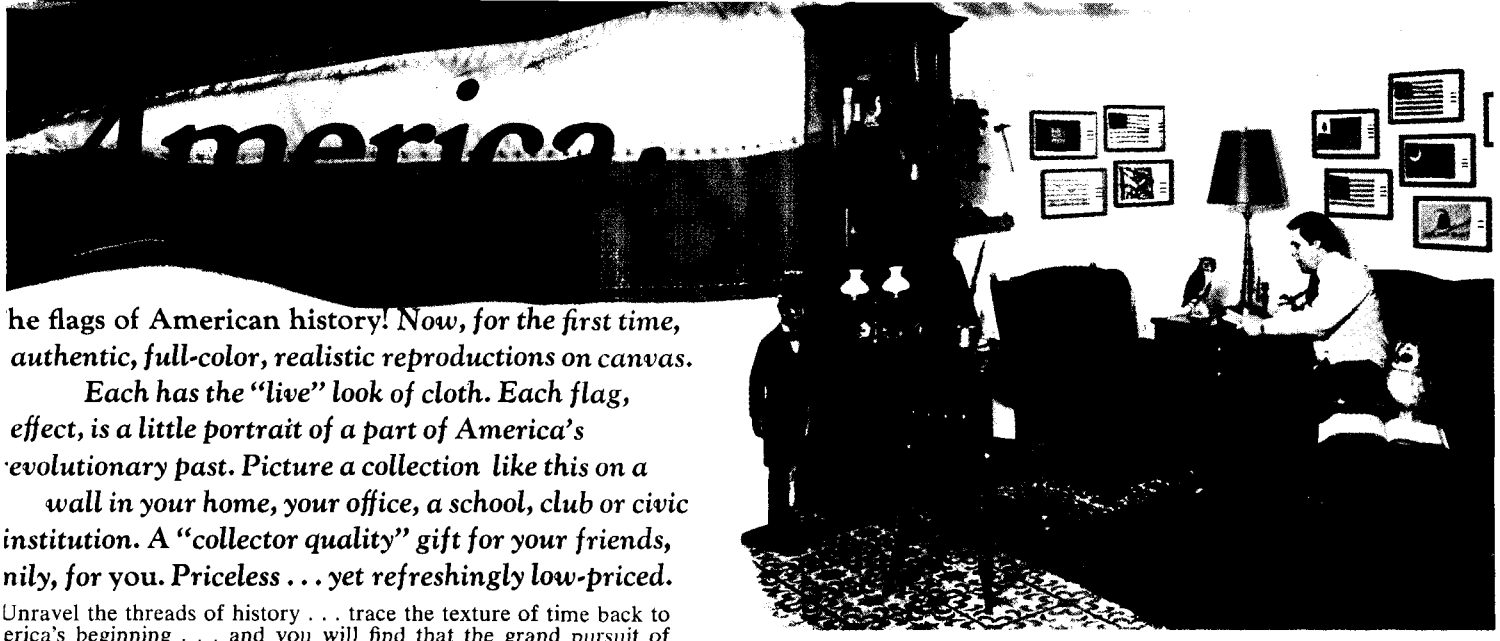


he flags of American history! *Now, for the first time, authentic, full-color, realistic reproductions on canvas. Each has the "live" look of cloth. Each flag, effect, is a little portrait of a part of America's evolutionary past. Picture a collection like this on a wall in your home, your office, a school, club or civic institution. A "collector quality" gift for your friends, nily, for you. Priceless . . . yet refreshingly low-priced.*

Unravel the threads of history . . . trace the texture of time back to erica's beginning . . . and you will find that the grand pursuit of rty, the great struggle itself, was a series of many separate events. For example, on the day the Concord patriots fired the famous ot heard 'round the world", their banner was, most probably, the are-shaped *Bedford* Flag. (There was yet no "standard" American .) This flag still flies in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Before Congress specified the "13 stripes and 13 stars" in June 7, Washington's Continental Army had driven the British out of ton—under the motherland-inspired *Grand Union* Flag.

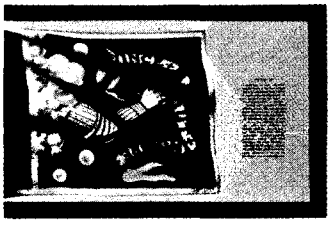
The first American capture of a British vessel took place under a e tree" flag. And when the British were repulsed in the harbors of rleston, South Carolina, a banner now called the *Moultrie* Flag over the Fort in the harbor.

Almost every region, every colony, every revolutionary organiza- displayed its own proud, carefully designed, hand-made banner. Liberty Works has selected twelve of the most significant flags for new series of reproductions-on-canvas. With museum originals carefully recorded historical data to guide us, we have re-created l pieces of dazzling, full-color beauty.

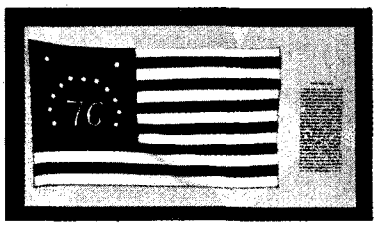
The care used in photographing these flags . . . the special processing and printing methods used to position them on the canvases . . . means simply this: *Stand back only a few inches from any one of these canvases and you'll think that you are looking at an actual "live" cloth flag miniature.* The effect is startling—and will remain so throughout the years, because *these* flags will not crumble, disintegrate or fade!

All flags measure approximately 10¾" x 6¼", except the *Bedford*, which is 6¾" square. The history of each flag is attractively inscribed on its canvas. The canvases are mounted on 15" x 8⅜" artists' wood stretchers, ready for hanging "as is" or framing. Handsome gallery-type dark oak wood frames will be furnished at modest additional cost.

In sum . . . for anyone with an eye for beautiful reproduction, a mind for historical truth, an affection for America, and an interest in our approaching Bi-Centennial celebration . . . we are offering the *gift supreme*. To the best of our knowledge, nothing of this type or quality has been offered before in the marketplace. Liberty Works believes that these flag canvases—the fabric of America!—will be cherished by recipients for years to come. Perhaps *another* 200 years.

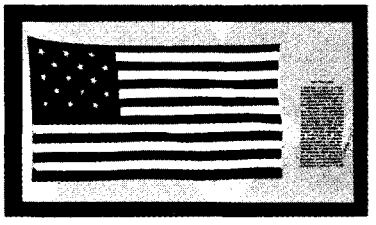


Bedford Flag. The oldest U.S. flag own, it still flies in Bedford, Mass. rried on the first day of the Ameri- an Revolution by Minuteman thaniel Page in the Battle of Con- rd (April 19, 1775). Square, it is re correctly called a "cornette."



4. Bennington Flag. Camp flag of the Vermont Militia, and the first American banner associated with a major encounter: the Battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777. The oldest "Stars and Stripes" design in existence today, its stars have *seven* points.

5. Bunker Hill Flag. This version of the Massachusetts State Flag (often shown incorrectly with a *blue* field) was carried at the famous battle near Boston on June 17, 1775, nearly six months before the birth of the Continental Army.

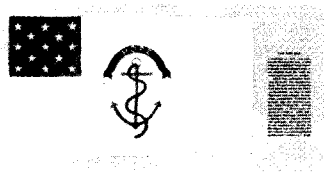


6. Star Spangled Banner. The first version, with 15 stars and 15 stripes, symbolized the 15 United States (after Vermont and Kentucky were admitted). Inspiration for our national anthem, the battle-scarred original is at the Smithsonian Institution.

Washington's Cruisers Flag. Each ate had its own "Navy." Wealthy triots often provided the funds for e ships—as did George Washington r the Massachusetts Navy. Shown the 1775 Massachusetts Navy Flag, ith pine tree and religious appeal.

10. Gadsden Flag. Thought to be designed by the patriot, Colonel Christopher Gadsden, this flag sailed as the personal banner of Esek Hopkins, Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet in 1776. Its bold message (minus apostrophe) was a warning to the British.

11. Grand Union Flag. George Washington ordered the hoisting of this flag (sometimes called "Continental Colors") in celebration of the birth of America's new Continental Army on January 1, 1776 . . . and "in compliment to the United Colonies."



12. Rhode Island Regiment Flag. The anchor shown on this historic flag can be traced back to 1647 (and is still in use today on the Rhode Island State Flag and Seal). It combines both state and national loyalties (13 gold stars for the 13 original states).

***NOTE:** all flag canvases available framed or unframed. For illustration purposes, bottom row is shown* unframed.

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9. Washington's Cruisers Flag		
10. Gadsden Flag		
11. Grand Union Flag		
12. Rhode Island Regiment Flag		

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Letters

Losing Streak

Robert Moss's brilliant article "The Making of Europe's Cuba" [April 11] didn't come as too much of a surprise, since James Burnham—almost alone among American writers—has for several months been predicting what has now come to pass.

What I found especially useful about Mr. Moss's piece was the four scenarios of what could happen next. His point here must be constantly, constantly brought home: even if NATO *does* not do anything to stop the Communist takeover of Portugal, that is not because NATO *could* not do anything. It is a failure of will, not of strength. As Mr. Moss and (in the same issue) Mr. Burnham hint, the West is on a losing streak, but losing streaks are largely psychological. If NATO managed to carry out one successful anti-Communist action, that could snap the streak. Portugal—or, if that seems too risky, the Azores—would be an excellent place to start.

Wichita, Kan. HUGH BENTLEY

To Sack or Not to Sack

In his March 14 column, in which he notes that sacking a President is not a new idea (since when did conservatives care if their ideas are new?), George Will takes the Right to task for talking about reducing the size of government but not really doing anything about it.

He writes: "So conservatives say, reasonably: cut the size of government, or at least begin to cut the rate of growth of the government's share of the nation's wealth. *But conservatives say this without effect, and they have not yet come to terms with this lack of effect.*"

Now. The whole idea behind dumping Ford for a true conservative is to do exactly what Will faults conservatives for not doing: come to terms with our lack of effect in getting the size of government chopped down.

One reason why we have not been able to do this, by the way, is that in the past we have listened to people like Will who talk about a person's instincts (Ford's are "deeply conservative . . . regarding the economy," he says) yet when it comes time to act, the President has, as even Will admits, acquiesced in a budget that is "astonishing" and "frightening."

Will asks: "What good will come from replacing Mr. Ford and his men with other men who, in fact, subscribe to the same ideas that Mr. Ford and his men accept?" The answer is: no good at all unless those who replace Mr. Ford and his men do more than simply "accept" or "subscribe to" conservative economic principles. This is what the talk of sacking a President is all about.

Washington, D.C. JOHN LOFTON JR.

NRTWLDF/AFSCME

Ralph de Toledano reports that our union's offices (the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees) were the incubator of a conspiracy against human rights ["Joe Rauh's Counterattack," Dec. 20] when we cosponsored a lawsuit seeking to stop the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation from collecting funds from employers.

Where ever did we get the idea that NRTWLDF is bankrolled by employers with an interest in the outcome of the cases it handles? NRTWLDF is the tax-exempt arm of the National Right to Work Committee, which grew out of efforts by the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

We are asking that NRTWLDF reveal who's paying their way. If it turns out the money comes from scores of individual workers, as Mr. Toledano suggests, I'll eat his Nixon book.

Washington, D.C. DONOVAN MCCLURE
Assistant Director of Public Affairs

Human Ghetto

I feel obliged to answer some of R. V. Young Jr.'s points in "Christianity and Ecology" [Dec. 20]. What bothers me is the last page or so: "is it *coincidence* that environmentalists are among the most vociferous agitators for easy abortion, involuntary sterilization, state control of births, and even the starving out of 'overpopulated' nations?"

(Continues on page 429)

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THE RUSSIAN MENACE: CHILD OF F.D.R.

World War II was presented to the American people as a holy war. Unconditional surrender was said to be necessary for lasting peace. Eisenhower wrote of a "crusade" in Europe.

The war was won. Germany was left prostrate, and the Bomb incinerated what was left of Japanese resistance. But as Churchill wrote: ". . . after all the exertions and sacrifices of hundreds of millions of people and of the victories of the Righteous Cause, we still have not found Peace or Security, and . . . we lie in the grip of even worse perils than those we have surmounted."

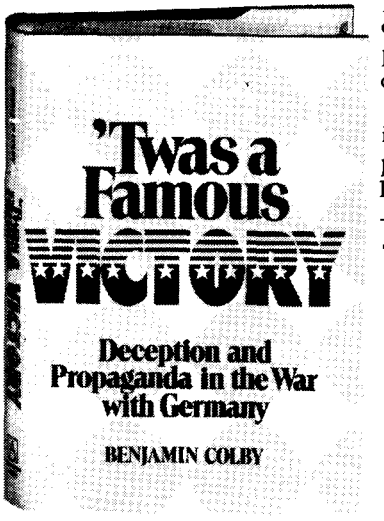
What went wrong? Benjamin Colby takes a bold look at the Righteous Cause and arrives at disturbing answers. Maintaining popular support throughout World War II involved two necessities, says Mr. Colby: trust in Russia and hatred of Germany. To engender trust in Russia, "the Soviet territorial objectives and political intentions had to be concealed. This was the central and all-pervading deception during the period of actual war. It was accompanied by an unremitting effort to whitewash the Soviet record and create a new Soviet image."

The other necessity was met more easily; even before 1939 Hitler's regime had become odious. But U.S. government propaganda used the German people for its target, not just the Nazi regime, and thus justified Allied atrocities like the mass bombing of civilians. Colby presents shocking evidence that the Allies initiated the bombing of civilians as strategic policy; worse, that Churchill purposely goaded Hitler into bombing London American cities remained intact throughout the war, says Colby, "but whether the people themselves escaped psychologically unscathed is a disturbing question. Wrapped in the belief of its own righteousness and the myth that Germany started the bombing of cities, America has appeared to have few qualms about the wholesale air war conducted against German civilian populations."

Mr. Colby unfolds the propaganda prelude to war . . . the secret war in the Atlantic . . . the great Atlantic Charter deception . . . the tight lid on Russian war aims . . . the coverups of Soviet atrocities . . . the secrecy surrounding Teheran . . . the lies about Yalta. He reveals the role of Hollywood and the Writers War Board in creating hatred of Germans and enthusiasm for our alliance with Communists.

The deceptions began, the author shows, when the American people were told that their survival—or at least England's—depended on U.S. entry into the war. He marshals impressive evidence, however, that "whatever Hitler's ambitions, conquering Britain was not one of them, much less attacking the United States. That the nation could be brought to war by belief in such an imaginary peril is testimony of the war-making powers of the President, who can not only create propaganda for war but, more important, create situations which make war inevitable."

'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY is revisionism that raises questions long overdue. Explosive in its implications, it packs sobering lessons for a new generation of Americans —and for some of their parents.



THE FALSEHOODS EMPLOYED TO WIN THE WAR: THEY LOST THE PEACE

- FDR preaches neutrality, but Harry the Hop tells Churchill we'll fight
- The Atlantic Charter as official screen for hiding Soviet aims
- FDR asks Soviet ambassador for help in whitewashing the Communist persecution of religion
- FDR's friends admit he lied us into war
- All the news that fits the tint: how the *New York Times*, *Time*, and most of the press treated the Katyn massacre
- Hollywood's Red clique
- FDR scores critics of aid to Russia as "bogus patriots . . . noisy traitors—betrayers of America, betrayers of Christianity itself—would-be dictators"
- White House protection of Communists in key posts
- Churchill continues to urge the bombing of civilian populations removed from military targets. His relative silence on the subject after the war
- Rex Stout and his Writers War Board: "We Shall Hate or We Shall Fail." Why hatred of all Germans was necessary to the FDR administration
- The tragic toll of Unconditional Surrender
- Henry Wallace hails the Soviets for their "ethnic democracy"
- Stalin refuses to acknowledge U.S. Lend-Lease
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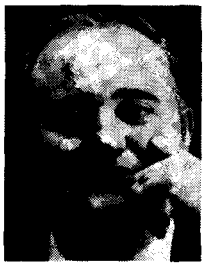
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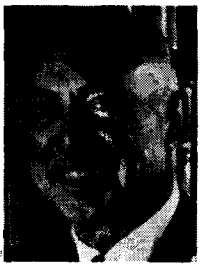
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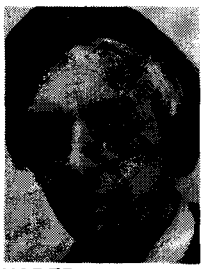
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Cover illustration by James W. O'Bryan

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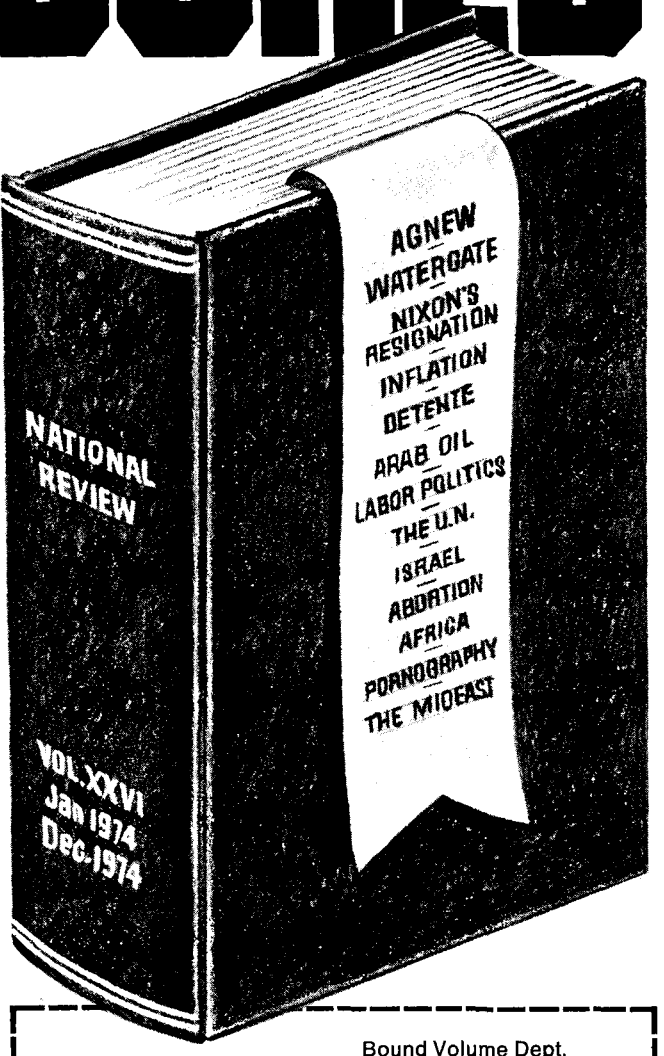

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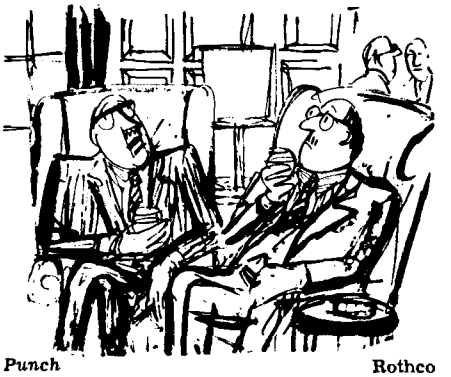
FOR THE RECORD

■ Most congressmen got the message over the Easter recess: what their constituents want is "Out Now" from Indochina. Sen. **Barry Goldwater**, despite this sentiment, says he'll support **Gerald Ford** on further aid for South Vietnam but not for Cambodia, because he doesn't believe the U.S. has a commitment there. Other consistent Administration supporters, Republican Senators **Robert Griffin**, the Minority Leader, **Dewey Bartlett** (Okla.), and **James McClure** (Idaho) agree with the Goldwater position. . . . In the House, conservative Democratic Rep. **Walter Flowers** (Ala.) blames the switch in sentiment on the **Kissinger** detente policy. "They [his constituents] don't have any feeling of guilt," he says. "They say we're arm in arm with the big Communists in Russia and China but fighting the little Communists in Indochina tooth and nail. I can't justify any more military aid." . . . **Dean Rusk**, Lyndon Johnson's Secretary of State, still believes in domino theory. What it is, he says, "is a euphemism for something else—the doctrine of world revolution—and I don't know why we want to conceal that." . . . Meanwhile estimates of what a Communist takeover in South Vietnam would mean in terms of Hué-style executions and murders go all the way from 150,000 (**Evans & Novak**, April 9) to a possible one million (retired General **Edward Lansdale**). . . . In Phnom Penh, the U.S. Embassy has captured **Khmer Rouge** documents reporting the mass execution of 700 civilians and surrendered soldiers in Battambang Province in the fighting last year.

■ The hard Left showing signs of new life in the wake of the heady news from Indochina. One group of peaceniks headed by **Cora Weiss** (Women Strike for Peace), **Grace Paley** (the Sarah Lawrence professor), and Rep. **Ned Pattison** (D., N.Y.) took off for Paris last week to confer with North Vietnamese and Vietcong representatives to get "a detailed and current understanding of what it will take to end the war in Vietnam as quickly as possible and reduce the amount of human suffering," according to the Communist *Daily World*. . . . A week earlier, a major anti-CIA rally was staged in New Haven with **Hortensia Allende**, Salvador's widow, as main attraction. Others included **Daniel Ellsberg**, anti-CIA authors **Victor Marchetti** and **John Marks**, lawyer **Leonard Boudin**, and Congressman **Michael Harrington** (D., Mass.) who rejoiced that "somehow we have things of this sort [the CIA] on the run." . . . **Jesse Jackson**, head of PUSH (People United to Save Humanity), used the anniversary of **Martin Luther King**'s assassination as the occasion to accuse the CIA and the FBI of involvement in King's murder. (No comment, said the FBI. "Balderdash," said the CIA.) . . . The Academy awarded the pro-North Vietnamese film *Hearts and Minds* its Oscar for the best documentary of the year shortly after former LBJ aide **Walt Rostow** announced he was suing the producer of the film for causing "irreparable damage" to his reputation. . . . The 1973 autobiography of exiled Cambodian Prince **Norodom Sihanouk** is seen in the land again. The book, entitled *My War with the CIA*, was written with the aid of Australian fellow traveler **Wilfred Burchett** (see *NR*, April 11). . . . And people in Washington are complaining that it cost $5,720 for the 22 pages of the *Congressional Record* it took to reflect the voting record of Jesuit Father **Robert Drinan** (D., Mass.) which, he claims, is essential for his constituents to know. Commented one constituent: "Is it he, or we, who took the vow of poverty?"



Punch Rothco

"We've made losses last year beyond my wildest dreams."

■ Portuguese authorities, having gotten rid of Guinea-Bissau, Angola, and Mozambique, are faced with yet another liberation movement. This one, the **Azores Liberation Movement**, is pro-U.S. and talks about separation from Portugal. (There are, did you know?, more people of Azorean descent in the U.S. than inhabitants of the Azores.) . . . King **Hussein** of Jordan, always regarded as a moderate, has taken up the battle cry of assassinated King **Faisal**: that any settlement in the Middle East must include the return of Jerusalem. . . . The new crown prince of Saudi Arabia, Prince **Fahd**, has knocked reports in the Arab press that the CIA might have had something to do with Faisal's murder. Not so, he says. Prince Fahd, as predicted, seems to be taking control; his half-brother the new King **Khalid** is chronically ill and, it is said, slow on the uptake. . . . In West Germany, a court has ruled that if Social Democratic former Prime Minister **Willy Brandt** says once more that Christian Democrat **Franz Josef Strauss** called West Germany "a pigsty," he, Brandt, will have to pay a $213,000 fine, or go to jail.

■ And **Pravda** proudly announces that, all levels of the bureaucracy being d'accord, the Soviet Union will in the next year produce enough for each of its citizens to be able to buy three packages of—made in the USSR—chewing gum.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 424)

I don't know if Mr. Young is speaking for the Catholic Church. It is significant, however, that in this year of famine our religious spokesmen have begun to denounce America in vehement terms.

America doesn't want to surrender its standard of living for a faceless mass whose rapid rate of increase has worried us for many years. So America must be made to feel greedy and selfish and undeservedly wealthy—otherwise, millions of people will perish miserably of starvation.

What, alas, of human dignity and human worth and human freedom from starvation, disease, violence, and war?

I may be doing Mr. Young an injustice. He did say that a single human soul was worth all the great cats and cetaceans and redwoods and all nonhuman creation. But he didn't specify whether that meant the creation of a new human soul, which birth control discourages—or the preservation of human souls already in existence, which starvation discourages.

I don't want *NR* to see this as an ecological diatribe against the Pope. To the biologist, the problem is much tougher than persuading a few authorities to support population controls. But whatever it takes, the job must be done.

A continuation of the population explosion means rapid progress toward a human ghetto stretching from pole to pole. It means the death of the higher animals, possibly excepting *Homo sapiens* and a few of his pets. And it means that in the end, we will face the same choices we face today—multiplied, and with all options for delay gone.

Long Beach, Calif. ALFRED B. MASON M.D.

Uphill Swimmers

Your March 28 cover, which shows President Ford in the guise of a salmon vainly trying to swim uphill, was perhaps more to the point than the artist himself realized. In Mr. Ford's home town of Grand Rapids, which I recently visited, they are installing a device to make it easy for anyone, whether a salmon or a politician, to swim up a waterfall without sweating. This is a fish ladder—but the one at Grand Rapids is unique in that it is an abstract sculpture by Charles Kinnebrew of Lowell, Michigan. It was not quite finished when I saw it, but at spawning time the salmon (who get to Lake Michigan via the St. Lawrence Seaway and hence are a relatively new phenomenon in those parts) are expected to stream up the ladder by the thousands and to become a big tourist attraction. Thus your cover is yet another instance of art imitating life. Congrats to the artist.

New York, N.Y. RUTH BERENSON

Kirovograd

I would add the following comments to Professor John Lukacs' stimulating reexamination of the question of whether a separate peace between Germany and Russia could have been possible in 1943 ["The Kirovograd Mystery," Jan. 31].

1. Stalin, the most able realist among the war leaders on both sides, knew in the late spring of 1943 that Hitler's defeat was a foregone conclusion, and he intended to make the most of it. He was determined to seize the Balkans (that is why he frustrated Churchill's eastward strategy at Teheran), and as much of Central/Eastern Europe as he possibly could. He would not risk these rich prizes for the sake of a fictitious peace with Hitler which would have halted the steamrolling of his armies westward.

2. His clamoring for a second front, in which he had constantly emphasized the heavy losses of the Soviet populace (millions of whom were murdered by his terrorist gangs during the Thirties), should be viewed in the light of the fact that after the battle of Kursk he could have greatly reduced his armies' further casualties by switching to a more cautious and less expansive strategy. Not caring, however, about his people's lives, he drove them relentlessly toward the heart of Europe.

New York, N.Y. LASZLO T. KISS

The timing of the possible meeting at Kirovograd is perfect. The battle at Stalingrad did not result in a German collapse and neither did the battles in the area around Leningrad. Therefore the Soviets saw their quick chance for victory evaporate because of their own mistakes and the technical competence of the Germans. The battle ahead would be long and costly, and no Napoleonic retreat was likely. Indeed there was still the real possibility of a German resurgence.

Thus the Soviet interest would have been well served by effecting a separate peace with Germany, provided acceptable conditions—i.e., the return to her pre-June 22, 1941 boundaries—could be arranged. The principal enemies of Communism, Germany and the Western powers (which were doing their best to appear to be Communism's best ally), would be bled white and incapacitated by the ensuing conflict, from which the Soviets could have remained aloof, all the time making plans to step in to a ravished Europe as "saviors and rebuilders," as did the United States in 1947-1949.

Long Beach, Calif. DAVID J. SPIRA

Contrary to what Churchill said to Sikorski in March 1942, neither he nor Roosevelt considered that "all would be lost" if the Russians made a separate peace. The U.S. Army's victory program of September 1941 actually assumed that Russia would be knocked out of the war. And there is no reason to suggest, as Professor Lukacs does, that a separate

(Continues on page 467)

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THE WEEK

■ Senator George McGovern recently held extensive talks with Mr. Yasir Arafat of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Having witnessed the triumph of his policy in Southeast Asia, Senator McGovern is now turning his hand to the Middle East.

■ REFLECTIONS ON INDOCHINA: "Like the mass of the people, [Chamberlain] did not want to pay the price either of peace or of war. And public opinion was behind him all the while, in policies that were completely incompatible with one another. It was behind him when he went to Munich, when he tried to come to an understanding with Russia, when he gave the guarantee to Poland, when he honored it, and when he prosecuted the war half-heartedly. Only when the results of his policy became apparent did it turn against him; which is to say that it turned against its own lethargy of the past seven years. Thereupon the people picked a leader nearer to this mood, Churchill, who was at any rate able to grasp that wars are not won without fighting."—George Orwell, "England Your England," 1941.

■ People who favor busing for integration and people whose children are bused are almost mutually exclusive classes. Last week, Teddy Kennedy, who belongs to the former category, encountered about three hundred people who belong to the latter; and got jostled, poked, clawed, and reviled. (No use telling Bostonians to respect their senators; to many Bostonians, their senator is the enemy.) After making his escape by subway, Teddy told another, more civil group, "I've taken a stand. I haven't changed it. We'll have to let the chips fall where they may." (His stand is that segregation is a privilege reserved for Kennedy children.) A spokesman for an anti-busing group promised to continue harassing him: "We don't wish the man any harm, basically—we only wish he'd get out of politics."

■ John Hill and Charles Joseph Pernasilice have been convicted in the death of the guard who was brained during the 1971 Attica revolt. Hill was found guilty of murder, Pernasilice of attempted assault. Hill's lawyer was—who else?—William Kunstler, whose seven-hour summation, tearful embrace of his client, and baiting of judge and witnesses failed for once to have the desired effect. Hill's conviction was reportedly settled quickly, but Pernasilice's guilt (he was, by the way, represented by Ramsey Clark) required three days of deliberation. More trials lie ahead for 62 rebels (indicted on 1,400 counts) and, following charges of a prosecutorial cover-up, probably several guards who brutalized prisoners during the recapture of the prison (see p. 464). Meanwhile, Kunstler may be at the end of his spectacular trail: his long Chicago-to-Wounded Knee winning streak is snapped, and his Chicago contempt citation has been upheld by the Supreme Court. Disbarment should be imminent. At last.

■ In case you missed the Academy Awards show, it followed what are by now traditional lines. The documentary Oscar went to the agitprop Vietnam film, *Hearts and Minds*, and one of the guys who made it got up and read a telegram from the Vietcong. Then Frank Sinatra, the emcee, apologized on behalf of the Academy, though everyone later denied he had been authorized to do so, but Bob Hope made him. Anyway, lots of people there *like* the Vietcong. Well, Warren Beatty, the actor, got up and said to Sinatra, "You old Republican you," which is how you put people down who don't like the Vietcong and haven't the grace to keep it to themselves. Beatty is of course the brother of Shirley MacLaine, who got into a flap with Sinatra backstage. They ought to change Oscar's name to Marlon.

■ It is difficult to believe that world chess champion Bobby Fischer is an American, rather than a Russian SALT negotiator. For a championship match with Russian challenger Anatoli Karpov, Fischer demanded a series of rule changes by the International Chess Association. After a lot of tough negotiating and insult-swapping, the Chess Association, and the Russians, went along with practically all of Fischer's demands. Yes, the match would be in Manila, which the Russians did not want. Yes, Fischer's nominee, an Ecuadorian, would be the referee. On one last demand they dug in their heels. Fischer was demanding that if the match reached 9-9 it be declared a draw, with Fischer retaining the championship—a slight advantage for the defending champion, Fischer. No, said the Chess Association. From Fischer, silence. One deadline passed. Silence. The deadline was extended. Silence. The Chess Association declared Karpov the new champion. Said Fischer: "Karpov is a fish. I'd crush him." Fischer is generally expected to bypass the Chess Association and set up his own "real" world championship, confident that, whatever Karpov and the Chess Association might think, most people consider him the "real" champion. Conclusion: Fischer is nuts.

■ Portuguese Premier Gonçalves has just confirmed what Western analysts already knew: in the event of another Mideast war, the U.S. cannot use the Azores to refuel planes bound for Israel. In fact, Portugal may deny the U.S. use of the Azores for any but official NATO projects. Gonçalves justifies his foreign policy to his countrymen by warning them that the West is threatening the Portuguese revolution, whereas the Soviet Union, Cuba, East Germany, and Algeria all proffered warm

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congratulations on the victory over the alleged right wing uprising on March 11. Some ebullient Portuguese leftists have been talking loosely about Portugal's future as a "popular democracy"—i.e., a Communist state. Premier Gonçalves, wiser in the ways of the world, denies this, and says Portugal will remain pluralistic. (As of now, all but one of the political parties of the Right and Center have been banned, as have a couple of Maoist fringe parties on the Left.) Admiral Rosa Coutinho added that "the Communist Party is not the motor of this revolutionary process but only one element in the process." If he means what he says, he may soon discover exactly how easy it is to keep the Communists as "only one element" in any process.

■ British Airways has posted the following schedule for its twice daily Concorde London/New York flights that are expected to begin next year: Lv. London 9:30 A.M., Ar. New York 8:16 A.M. Lv. London 6 P.M., Ar. New York 4:46 P.M.

■ "The *New York Times* has for decades conducted a massive, domestic information-gathering operation which has resulted in the compilation of over one million secret dossiers on individuals, several hundred thousand of whom are U.S. citizens, according to a well-placed source at the *Times*. . . . Another well-placed source at the *Times* tells me there is an entirely separate, secret list of Americans on file at the newspaper which contains information on approximately 83,000 U.S. citizens. This list, my source says, has been in existence at least as long as he has been at the paper, which is 29 years. The list is presently being computerized, he says, and the information contained in it is also denied to the general public. . . . The third *Times* snooping operation . . . has amassed close to one million pieces of data . . . For a fee, this information is disseminated via a cathode ray computer terminal for interested parties . . . Every day, my source admitted when confronted with the question, some 1,500 new pieces of information are fed into *Times* computers . . ." This from columnist John Lofton, to dramatize the effects of seymourhershifying perfectly innocent facts.

■ The forces of repression have been busy, busy. Tampa, Florida has banned as "offensive sexual material" the issue of *Time* (the weekly smut magazine) with Cher Bono on the cover. In Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea, a congress of women's groups has called for a repeal of a law legalizing playing cards. Coed Mandy Blumenstein has denounced the "tension relieving" practice of her professors at the Maryland Dental School of showing slides of naked women mixed in with slides of molars and bicuspids. The Texas legislature is considering prohibiting a) pay toilets, and b) the sale of babies, which it inadvertently legalized in 1973. (The current market price for babies in Texas is up to $15,000 apiece.)

■ Talk about your lush spending. The National Taxpayers Union points out that "the biggest booze, saloon, and night club syndicate (1,400 clubs plus about 500 package liquor stores) in American history" is now being operated by—the Pentagon.

■ Talk about your flush spending. The Army Corps of Engineers is planning to build two outhouses near Hastings, Minnesota. They will be four-holers, without heat or running water, engineered "to meet the federal environmental guidelines," and "are expected to cost $25,000 each."

■ Talk about your slush spending. The National Science Foundation has put over a million tax dollars into something called an "innovation center" that pays college students to invent such useful devices as an automated banana peeler.

■ Random thought: how come the same people who gripe about compelling young men to fight old men's wars are so often the same ones who demand the cross-district busing of six-year-olds?

■ WHERE WILL IT ALL END? DEPT.: Once again the forces of repression have arisen to stifle academic freedom at a great liberal institution. The censors have ripped some 25 pages out of the Vassar College yearbook, for no better reason than that these pages contain photographs of students in typical intellectual and physical postures around campus, which is to say, nude and coupling. One can almost feel the Long Night descending . . .

Indochina

1. Graveyard Meditation

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

—Thomas Gray
"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"

"If a nation is weakening or coming apart internally, even the most skillful diplomacy will begin to slip and lose ground. Unfortunately, the events of the last few weeks furnish entirely too much proof of this relationship. . . . That ebb, of course, rests on the very 1965-75 changes in American society that liberals have applauded (or, in some cases, engineered)—antimilitarism, antagonism toward the Pentagon, the trend whereby domestic welfare spending has passed and eclipsed military spending, the glorification of persons who filch secret documents, the relentless major media mockery of the

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Attica Judgments

Both had a jury trial and lost
And both accused feel double-crossed,
While Ramsey Clark and Kunstler bleat
That justice is a cruel cheat.
Yet just a Watergate ago
A jury had them all aglow.

W. H. VON DREELE

demands of national security, and the crippling of the CIA and U.S. international espionage functions."

—Kevin Phillips, syndicated columnist

"The world now opens a new chapter in the bloody book of Southeast Asia and nobody can say for certain what it will disclose. China is uneasy because of pronounced Soviet influence in North Vietnam. The Kremlin has been discreet but Peking never forgets its fears of being outflanked by Moscow across India and Indochina. As for the United States, its influence in the area is at its lowest ebb in twenty years."

—C. L. Sulzberger,
New York Times, April 5

"The superior morale of the North Vietnamese army stems not from motivation but from the fact that it holds the strategic initiative. Like all Soviet clients, Hanoi is in a can-win, can't-lose position and, since the Paris Agreement, has not had to spend either manpower or resources on defense, whereas the South has had to string out its forces and its limited ammunition stocks down the whole length of the country and adopt a solely defensive posture. . . . The American retreat before Moscow, like that of Napoleon, is beginning to litter the route with corpses."
—Sir Robert Thompson, author, *No Exit from Vietnam*

"Not since the extinguishing of the brave candle lit in Prague in the spring of 1968 has there been an event as potentially tragic as what we are now witnessing in Portugal . . . [In Vietnam] the understandable weariness of America after the long years of bloodletting, combined with the hideously effective campaign, among her own people, to erode her will to go on shouldering the burden of others, has had its inevitable effect in a new form of isolationism. The American Congress, probably doing no more than reflecting American attitudes, insists that Southeast Asia must be abandoned to its fate. . . . Meanwhile, night falls on Lisbon."

—Bernard Levin,
the *Times* (London), March 25

"Would somebody please tell the Russians the Cold War is over?"

—William A. Rusher, syndicated columnist,
NATIONAL REVIEW publisher

"Half a million refugees and more, cities abandoned to the invader, the troops of an ally who had fought well in the past forced to flee because of shortages of fuel, ammunition, and spare parts—all this is the triumphant handiwork of American liberalism. . . . Reasonable men can argue about our entire approach to the Vietnamese conflict. My own opinion is that it was the height of folly to put large numbers of American draftees into the rice paddies. Instead, we should have dealt drastically with North Vietnam, dealt with it massively with B-52s from a height of 30,000 feet. That would have made the necessary point about the rewards of aggression. But though you can argue in retrospect about our approach to the war, you cannot argue that a) having created a large contingent of allies in the South, it is b) in any way defensible to cut off their fuel, ammunition, and sense of political support, and leave them to their fate. Yet that is the position of American liberalism generally, and of congressional liberals in particular. This makes what Neville Chamberlain did to Czechoslovakia look almost honorable by comparison."

—Jeffrey Hart,
syndicated columnist, *NR* editor

2. Next Round

Given the prevailing trends and policies, *NR* has, in fact, predicted and chronicled the nation's long slide toward the strategic morass in which it finds itself. Elsewhere in this issue, in James Burnham's "Protracted Conflict" and in Taki Theodoracopulos' Vietnam reminiscences and in George F. Will's "Capitol Issues," we take note of some elements of the Indochina shambles that has been absorbing the frenetic attention of the press and the electronic media.

But bad as matters are in Indochina, the Mideast, Portugal, and other parts East and West, neither the end of the world nor the end of the United States is yet at hand.

We cannot, in any case, will the past not to have been. However massive the loss from what we have done and failed to do in the past, the productive issue concerns what we are to do in the present and future. The story featured on the cover of the pro-U.S. *Economist* (April 5-11) is "The Fading of America." The counter to that impression will have to be a reversal of the trend that it correctly labels. This can be begun only by resolute actions, not by words, however stirring. Since we are in global retreat, the initial actions must inevitably be, for the most part, defensive: a stand must be made before the direction can be reversed.

We here list a few appropriate actions. We select these because they are relevant to the need, and well within our power to accomplish. Some could be carried out by executive decision, some would require congressional consent. We do not here raise the question whether these actions are feasible in the light of the mood of the peo-

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ple: submitting to the alleged mood of the people is a chief reason for our present time of troubles. If danger threatens, it is the business of leaders to warn the people and show how the danger can be met.

1. The Communist conquest of all South Vietnam and all Cambodia is probable, almost certain: it would be a fraud to try to pretend otherwise. But all things are possible. And whether or not they still have a chance, so long as the defenders are ready and willing to fight it is our duty to supply them with the weapons they need. And even if not a duty through any formal commitment, it should be our free choice to do so.

2. In the probable event of Communist conquest, the supreme task becomes: to prevent the scheduled bloodbath. The following steps would serve this purpose:

2.1 Helping all the primarily endangered South Vietnamese who wished help—soldiers and especially officers, those who worked for U.S. institutions, civil officials and employees, intelligence operatives, etc.—to get out, and welcoming them—jointly with other non-Communist nations willing to collaborate—as refugees.

2.2 Immediate proposal to the UN to send a large contingent of observers to monitor the Communist treatment of the South Vietnamese.

2.3 An ultimatum to North Vietnam declaring that if mass killing begins, Hanoi and Haiphong will be immediately and totally atomized.

3. A declaration by President Ford, prior to his forthcoming trip to Peking, that the U.S. recognition of Taiwan, and U.S. relations of treaty, friendship, and trade with Taiwan, will continue.

4. Announcement of U.S. withdrawal from the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, on the grounds a) that Soviet conduct within, as outside, the Conference proves the Soviet object to be to guarantee its own imperial rule over Eastern Europe while at the same time remaining free to intervene in, and subvert, non-Communist regimes in Western Europe, b) that this is concretely proved by its operations in and in relation to Portugal, and c) that the Soviet Union has refused to accept the opening up of frontiers to the movement of people and ideas that is an essential premise of genuine cooperation and security.

5. Immediate action to prevent Portugal from becoming part of the Soviet bloc as a Communist-dominated people's democracy.

5.1 An immediate and urgent demand that a joint and overwhelming NATO force occupy Portugal for the sole purpose of permitting a genuine, free, and honest election to determine the composition of the Portuguese regime.

5.2 Encouragement and backing to the Azores Independence Movement that seeks to make certain that the Azores will not become a subject colony of any communized, Soviet-controlled Portuguese government.

Harris' Incredible Poll

We would not fight for Britain
  Or Italy or Greece.
We've had it playing soldier boy;
  We want a little peace.
If Canada's invaded,
  Okay, we'll lend a hand.
But we would rather flush the rest.
  We hope they'll understand.

W. H. von Dreele

Spilled Milk

The drift of fiscal policy over the past few months can be charitably described as insane—estimates of the 1976 deficit having more than doubled since January, from $45 billion to $100 billion. That puts a disproportionate share of the burden on the Federal Reserve's control over the money stock, which has been none too sensible either. Taking past blunders as given, however, where do we go from here?

As the Treasury sells securities to finance the ever expanding federal deficits, interest rates must be bid up throughout the economy. There are signs that this has already begun. People will take their money out of savings and loan associations (which will dry up mortgage funds) and out of corporate stocks and bonds (which will depress the market and hamper business expansion), and they will put that money into high yield Treasury securities. The higher yields may also attract foreign investors, but that won't help much. So the Federal Reserve will be under strong pressure to augment the supply of real savings with new money. The Fed will probably make a futile effort to hold interest rates down by buying government securities, and crediting bank reserves in payment. If only $20 billion of the coming flood of government securities was bought by the Fed, that would provide enough bank reserves for about a $50-billion increase in the money supply—almost a 20 per cent rate of increase. With even half that much new money, inflation would surely accelerate in 1976 and 1977, and interest rates would rise still further to compensate lenders for the expected acceleration of inflation.

The burden of government is measured by government spending, not by the way it is financed. Government spending at all levels now totals $7,792 per household, according to the Tax Foundation. The dilemma presented by *any* method of financing the horrendous federal deficits was discussed at the March meeting of "The Shadow Open Market Committee," a group of ten distinguished economists headed by Allan Meltzer of Carnegie-Mellon University and Karl Brunner of the University of Rochester. The Committee recommended that money growth be held in the 5.5 per cent range, even though this would require financing more of the deficit from real savings that would otherwise be available for housing and private capital formation. "The

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policy of crowding out private capital and housing to finance budget deficits is not attractive," concluded the Committee, "but it is the least unattractive of the choices before us."

The choice between the unattractive alternatives of renewed inflation or aborted recovery is not the result of natural forces beyond our control, but the predictable consequence of congressional insistence on runaway federal spending.

Regulating the Regulators

An encouraging sign of the internal contradictions of bureaucracy is the way that government agencies, charged with absurd or contradictory tasks, are increasingly critical of themselves and other agencies. It began around 1972 with self-criticism: George Romney blasting HUD, Jack Grayson exposing his Price Commission, Earl Butz pushing for an end to farm subsidies, Rush Moody of the Federal Power Commission arguing for deregulation of natural gas prices, the Securities & Exchange Commission pushing for deregulation of brokers' fees. Then there were the Presidential Commissions, notably the Hunt Commission, which recommended exposing banks to competition by letting savings institutions diversify and by ending ceilings on the interest paid to savers. The Council of Economic Advisors got in on the act with its 1971 report, which contained a devastating assault on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Joint Economic Committee, in 1972, published studies on *The Economics of Federal Subsidy Programs*, which gave a black eye to every agency from the Export-Import Bank to the Federal Maritime Commission.

Lately, the regulatory agencies have begun attacking each other regularly. The Transportation Department complains about local regulations limiting entry into the taxi and jitney business, and scolds the Civil Aeronautics Board for not cutting air fares enough. The Justice Department worries out loud that the Federal Communications Commission bars competition through punitive restrictions on pay-TV programing. A proposed FDA ban on the use of antibiotics in cattle was questioned by the Agriculture Department—which noticed that it would add a mere $2.1 billion to consumers' annual food bills.

The trend seemed to culminate in a speech by Lewis Engman, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission. "Most of today's regulatory machinery," said Mr. Engman, "does little more than shelter producers from the normal competitive consequences of lassitude and inefficiency." Now it only remains for the Justice Department to take a hard look at the FTC rules on advertising, and for the FTC to consider the Justice Department's propensity to protect competitors rather than competition.

Money from Nowhere

It has been noticed that many businesses cannot afford to employ as many people as they once did. The most direct approach to solving this problem would seem to be to cut business taxes in order to leave employers with more money with which to produce, invest, and hire. Matched cuts in government spending would be required, of course, to keep government borrowing from crowding out private borrowing.

Instead, the McGovern Congress apparently based its tax cut bill on several curious assumptions. First, that federal spending is no burden on anyone if it is financed by borrowing or creating money rather than by taxing. Second, that taxes on illusory inventory profits and capital gains due to inflation do not affect the ability of enterprises to produce and invest. Third, that any increase in any type of spending will inspire an increase in production in depressed industries, regardless of the net profits they can get from producing.

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There is virtually nothing in the something-for-nothing tax bill that could be defended on economic grounds—that is, as the most cost-effective means of accomplishing the stated goal of recovery. How else but as a blatant attempt to buy votes for incumbents can we explain such gems as a reduction of up to $2,000 in the taxes of anyone wealthy enough to buy a new house, or an extra $50 to everyone on Social Security regardless of other income or wealth? The only clear stimulus to production—a cut in tax rates for tiny corporations—will be a big boon to incorporated professionals. The rest of the bill, unless financed by the printing press, is mainly redistributive. We are to pay higher taxes tomorrow, to service the debt increase, in order to finance politically targeted tax breaks and gimmicks today. And we are to do without the houses and other goodies that would otherwise have been produced with the savings diverted into Treasury securities. Looking beyond the next election, which is difficult for politicians, the net effect is not a stimulus but a drain on the private economy.

Havana UN Preview

If the recent Havana Declaration provides any indication, this year's spectacle at the UN General Assembly will constitute the wildest zoo act since Frank Buck brought 'em back alive.

Meeting in Havana, the 17-member steering committee for the Third World coalition of seventy nations produced a draft declaration designed as a guide for action in the General Assembly. It calls for "broader" punitive actions against Israel, including possible expulsion from the UN. It denounces the United States and South Vietnam for violating the Paris agreements, but does not mention the current North Vietnamese invasion of the South. It denounces the United States for introducing naval forces into the Indian Ocean, but is silent on Soviet moves. It demands that the U.S. withdraw from South Korea and from the Guantanamo Bay base in Cuba. And so on.

This Havana Declaration will now go to a higher-level meeting of foreign ministers scheduled to convene during August in Lima, Peru, at which it may be revised. In any event, however, the Havana Declaration represents only the latest indication of trends among the—ridiculous term—nonaligned nations and in the UN General Assembly. In view of these trends, the following U.S. policy positions are urgently indicated: 1) The U.S. seat on the Security Council with its veto provides about the only security left for U.S. interests within the UN structure, and it would be foolish in the present circumstances to give up that irreducible outpost by "walking out" of the UN, but 2) it is also important to delegitimize the General Assembly, and do whatever can be done to deflate its resolutions and manifestos. Accordingly, the U.S. should a) greatly reduce its financial support of the UN over all, b) declare that it will henceforth attend meetings of the General Assembly as an observer and counsel, but will not vote on any issue there, and c) instruct all of its representatives in international forums, in Daniel P. Moynihan's phrase, to "go into opposition"—that is, aggressively rebut the exaggeration and absurdities of Third World rhetoric and conduct an active diplomatic defense of U.S. interests. There comes a time when the kissing has got to stop.

Moynihan Saw Something

Daniel P. Moynihan possesses one of the major characteristics of high intelligence: the ability to look at something and actually see it. This is an ability rarer than might be thought. And by our count he has seen four very important things during the last ten years: the failure of the melting pot to melt, the disintegrative effect of Northern urban life and the welfare structure on the Negro family, the foolishness of the hyped-up response to Negro demands and Negro militancy (he recommended "benign neglect"), and, now, number four, in the March issue of *Commentary*, the phenomenon Moynihan calls "the British revolution." No doubt this act of perception occurred during his recent tour of duty as ambassador to India. It illuminates a great deal in U.S. relations with the Third World.

In the early 1970s, Moynihan argues, the world began to feel the impact of the revolution of 1947, when socialist Britain granted independence to socialist India. After 1947, with decolonization, the number of newly independent nations underwent a sharp increase. "These new nations naturally varied in terms of size, population, and resources. But in one respect they hardly varied at all. To a quite astonishing degree they were ideologically uniform, having fashioned their politics in terms derived from the general corpus of British socialist opinion as it developed in the period roughly 1890-1950. The Englishmen and Irishmen, Scotsmen and Welsh, who created this body of doctrine and espoused it with such enterprise —nay, genius—thought they were making a social revolution in Britain. And they were. But the spread of their ideology to the farthest reaches of the globe, with its ascent to dominance in the highest national councils

It Must Be Nerves

Sparta spied on Athens;
  Caesar spied on Gaul.
Mata Hari poked around,
  And James Bond had a ball.
Russia has a bureau
  Called the KGB,
But when *we* play peek-a-boo
  It makes progressives pee.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Remember back in the dead past, when Treasury Secretary William Simon was accused of reckless exaggeration? He warned that the task of financing the Federal Government's debt would require the government to borrow a frightening $28 billion from the capital market in the first six months of 1975. Well, those were the good old days. The other day the Treasury Department announced that the size of the tax cut passed by Congress, and the unexpectedly large shortfall of revenue produced by the worse than expected economic slump have caused a, well, adjustment. Now the government says it will have to borrow $13 billion more than expected—$41 billion, total. Total, that is, for just half the year. And, of course, congressional spending plans are just beginning to ripen on the vine. So, as always, it is safe to assume that today soon will be looked upon as the good ol' days.

Oh, yes. One more thing. The Union Bank of Switzerland reports that West Germany is the world's richest country. West Germany holds twice the monetary reserves of the United States. Reliable sources deny that the Union Bank owns West Germany.

■ Times they are a-changin': A Democratic policy panel composed of supporters of Senators Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey and likeminded figures has called for an increase—verily, an *increase*—in defense spending. The group, hollering into the wind gusting from the Democratic cloakroom, called upon liberals to increase defense spending by $8 billion to $10 billion. The panel said that the Administration's defense budget is "an invitation to a disaster." Question: who needs an invitation to our disasters?

■ That'll teach the Soviet Union. How dare it finance the North Vietnamese army that is overrunning—"destroying," Mr. Kissinger says—our ally. The Ford Administration has approved the sale, by IBM, of 11 sophisticated computers to the Soviet Union. Enrage Uncle Sam, and he'll sell you something.

■ The good thing about the general collapse of U.S. foreign policy is that it has mesmerized Congress, which otherwise would have fallen into a fit of spending in response to the latest unemployment figure: *up* half a per cent, to 8.7 per cent. It will go higher. Already it is higher than at any time since 1941.

■ Arizona Congressman Mo Udall says the question of who is to blame for the loss of Vietnam "is a false issue." Senator Birch Bayh agrees, as does a third Democratic presidential candidate, Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen. What are they worried about?

■ Week after week, poll after poll, the result is the same: the most popular Democrat is the one who has no chance of being nominated by the Party. In the most recent Gallup poll, George Wallace was the first choice among Democrats, with 22 per cent, and among independent voters, with 28 per cent. Hubert Humphrey was second among Democrats, Henry Jackson was second among independents.

■ "The silver-haired gentleman sitting at the table over there." The speaker was Jake Jacobsen. He was in the witness chair in a Washington courtroom. He was referring to his longtime friend, the three-time governor of Texas, the former Treasury Secretary, the fourth Nixon Cabinet member indicted, John Connally. Jacobsen was testifying that he gave Connally two $5,000 bribes in exchange for Connally's help in getting Richard Nixon to raise federal price supports for milk.

■ Democratic Congressman James Jones of Oklahoma has a better idea, and a bill to back it up. He wants to suspend the $6.3-billion annual General Revenue Sharing payments until the federal budget is back in balance. Needless to say, the Jones plan would be the end of revenue sharing, forever.

■ Headline of the Week, silver lining department: "Portugal Reportedly No Threat to NATO." That is minimally good news, considering that Portugal is a member of NATO.

—CATO

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everywhere, gives to the British revolution [its present worldwide significance]. The London School of Economics was . . . the most important institution of higher education in Asia and Africa."

According to Moynihan, this corpus of doctrine and attitude has three currently important strands: 1) it "contained a suspicion of, almost a bias against, economic development in those parts of the world where British culture held sway"; 2) it believed that in the absence of real economic growth "there was plenty of wealth to go round if only it were fairly distributed"; and 3) it was anti-American, viewing America as the quintessential capitalist nation.

In the Third World nations thus ideologically afflicted we therefore encounter low rates of economic growth, the result of deliberate policy choices. Internationally, we hear demands for redistribution and reparations, beamed directly at the United States. Moynihan recommends that we abandon our shamefaced posture in international debate, and nail these fatuities at every opportunity. Otherwise, Harold Laski may have the last laugh.

Mr. Hunt, Meet Mr. Anderson

Jack Anderson is one touchy muckraker. Back on February 18, Reed Irvine, founder of Accuracy in Media, had the effrontery to take out an ad in the *Washington Post* criticizing one of Anderson's calumnies. The columnist got his revenge March 11, devoting an entire column to Irvine and the organization he heads: "Behind the bulwarks of the Federal Reserve Board," Mr. Anderson ominously began, "a $37,000-a-year government economist [Irvine] has been directing a Watergate-style assault on the press." Calling Irvine "a strident right wing propagandist," Anderson charged that he was doing AIM's work on the Fed's time and said that he might have violated the laws which prohibit employees of the U.S. Government from misusing federal property and information. (When Anderson reveals secret information provided him by government employees, he is, as we all

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realize, serving the national interest; when others do it, they're violating the law.)

On the very same day as Anderson's attack on Irvine, Representative Wright Patman (D., Texas) urged the Federal Reserve Board to investigate Anderson's allegations against Irvine. (Patman, by the way, has an assistant named Baron I. Shacklette who, back in 1958, was an investigator for the Special House Committee on Legislative Oversight, but was dismissed when he and an assistant to the late Drew Pearson by the name of Jack Anderson fell victim to the pre-Watergate morality. It was discovered that Shacklette and Anderson had bugged a hotel suite rented by Bernard Goldfine, who was accused of seeking favors from Sherman Adams, aide to President Eisenhower.)

Last month Patman got the Federal Reserve hearing that he requested—and Irvine was cleared of any wrongdoing. The Federal Reserve Board investigation found that Irvine "did not abuse his official position through use of Federal Reserve facilities on behalf of AIM." The whole thing is cleared up to our satisfaction except for one question. We'd like to know if, back in 1958, either Shacklette or Anderson wore a red wig.

Chiang Kai-shek, R I P

The historical disputes that have raged for decades around the person and career of Chiang Kai-shek will continue for centuries. They are not likely to be settled: a conclusive answer, as in other comparable disputes over what might have been, would require a rerun of history. Chiang's death, at the age of 87, after several years of illness during which he has been out of public life, reaffirms, whatever our own view of the dispute, our realization of what a remarkable human being he was, and how organically he was related to most of the storms and often overwhelming events of our century of wars and revolutions. Chiang, born into the nineteenth century and living through three quarters of the twentieth, came out of an older age that still bred giant individuals, before the era of bureaucrats set in.

The China in which his public life began spectacularly in the 1920s was in midcourse of a multiple revolution affecting and overturning both internal social relations and external relations with the powers that had set up imperial shops within China's borders. For a brief period Chiang and his Kuomintang movement rose to the top of the swirling China heap, but, for lack either of sufficient time or adequate policy, Chiang did not succeed in consolidating a workable regime before China was torn more fiercely apart by the Japanese invasion and World War II. As we all know, though we have different ways of accounting for it, the outcome was Mao's triumph on the Mainland and Chiang's retreat, together with two million Mainland companions, to the island of Taiwan.

We cannot be sure, therefore, what a Chiang Kai-shek China would have been like. But we do know, after a full generation, what Mao's China and Chiang's Taiwan are like. Chiang's rule in Taiwan was strong and unyielding, especially in the earlier years—it could hardly have been otherwise in a small island with, at that time, only eight million inhabitants, just off the coast of Mao's huge revolutionary state of half a billion. It was an almost incredible fact that a man of 61, who had been driven from his world-shaking designs in his vast homeland, could discipline himself to carry out the humbler task of administering and preserving and upbuilding Taiwan's few thousand acres.

The Republic of Taiwan—Chiang's Free China—has done the best of all the scores of newly developing nations in the postwar world. Its standard of living is, next to Japan's, the highest in Asia. It trades on a large and rising scale with nearly every nation of the free world—on a far larger scale than Mainland China with the U.S. and most other advanced industrial nations. And it was Chiang in Taiwan who carried through the most successful and humane "agricultural revolution" in the postwar world—the revolution, so much talked about but seldom realized by all modern revolutionists, distributing the land to the farmers who till it. Taiwan is not yet a fully democratic nation, but in the past dozen years its government has been steadily moving toward broader democratic rights and fuller popular participation.

Taiwan, then, as against Mao's regimented, brainwashed barracks. Let Taiwan be Chiang's monument.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please tell us the origin and intended symbolism of your cover to *NR* of March 14 [statue of Lenin, backs of three Franciscan monks]. Could the omitted title have been: "Hast Thou Conquered, O Pale Dialectician?"

Sincerely,
Hilton Stowell
Milledgeville, Georgia

Dear Mr. Stowell: Exactly! How did you know! Cordially,
—WFB

■ Dear Bill,

Those who presume to criticize other people's prose have to be especially careful about their own. Mr. Frank B. Hall ["Notes & Asides," Feb. 14], ignoring this rule, asked you to make a public "act of contrition . . . for everyone to see, read, and understand (hopefully, since it must be in Latin)."

Although the absolute "hopefully" seems to be digging itself into the English language, it has not, I think,

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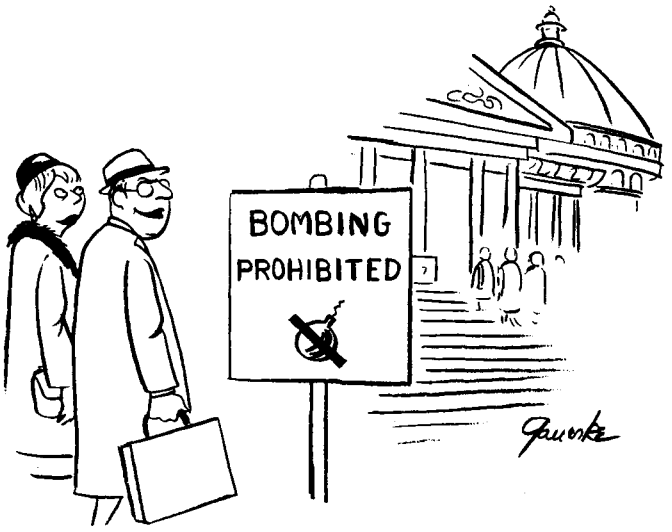

"It's about time they started cracking down!"

become so deeply entrenched (unlike "agenda" as a singular, "as though," "bureaucrat") that it would be pointless or worse to rail at it.

Hugh Kenner did so rail, in "Notes & Asides" a couple of years ago, but he concentrated on the moral issue: that "hopefully" is a "waffling" word. However, as my friend Bob Tilliard pointed out in a subsequent Letters column, Mr. Kenner does not have—or at least did not voice—any objection to sentences' beginning with "unfortunately," "regrettably," "presumably," and for a very good reason: these words all have logic on their side. They can be expanded into "It is unfortunate that," "it is regrettable that," "it is presumable that." What do you get if you try that with "hopefully"? "It is hopeful that." *What* is hopeful that?

As Mr. Tilliard pointed out, the proper analogue to "regrettably" etc. would be "hopeably." So far, his word doesn't seem to have made much headway. But there are plenty of other, only slightly more cumbersome, alternatives: "one hopes," "I hope," "we hope," "it is to be hoped," "Deo volente."

Best,
Linda Bridges
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Bill:

Somebody asked, specifically, so let me say it directly: some of the best journalism in America is being printed in the NATIONAL REVIEW.

Just wanted you to know.

Sincerely,
Dan Rather
CBS News
New York

Dear Dan: Many thanks. —Bill

■ Dear Bill:

Re Ralph Nader and the oil crisis, the one insupportable, the other insurmountable. . . . I have a noisy solution to both. Mandatorily equip all motor vehicles with two sets of buzzers, to be christened Nader's Nasties. The buzzers should be pitched to just this side of the unbearable. The first collapses eardrums when the speedometer exceeds 55 mph for more than 25 seconds (plenty of time to pass a car). The second is set at the yearly State safety inspection: to yowl for ten solid miles after the first 1,000 miles have been clocked by the car, progressively up to 12,000 miles, at which point the driver faces (actually, earfronts) a full 120 miles of buzzing.

Isn't that neat? No need for gasoline taxes, for tariffs on imported petroleum. Only the deaf will be able to sustain speeds higher than 55 mph, and isn't it time we gave our slighted deaf minority a break? People will resort to just about anything to avoid nudging their mileage over the 1,000-mile shriek points, anticipating each progression with cumulative horror. At 900 miles and at 1,900 miles and at 2,900 miles, etc., they'll begin letting the wax accumulate in their ears, which means less use of soap and therefore less consumption of soap's petroleum base. People will buy second and third and fourth cars, to spread their mileage around, restoring health to Detroit. But the real plum is this. Within three years, the public is sure to revolt. Any Naderite walking the streets by daylight is sure to be set upon and torn apart in a frenzy. Nader's Nasties will be challenged in court and in the Congress; will, finally, be abolished, and Naderism discredited. By which time we will have saved hundreds of billions of dollars in oil, and may be on our way to self-sufficiency.

Reid [Buckley]

Dear Reid: Wish *we* had thought of that! —Bill

■ Dear Bill:

All right, all right. After three years of prodding by your readers, we have the beautiful, rugged NATIONAL REVIEW sweatshirts. They are available at our patriotic Sweat/Shoppe—P.O. Box 126, North Adams, Michigan, at $5 apiece. Live dangerously. We have only begun to fight.

Yr. most obt. & humble svt.,
Commodore Lipsett
—WFB

Unprogrammed Me

They're mailing mother fifty bucks;
  A hundred fifty's due for me.
It's reminiscent of Canute's
  Attempt to still the stormy sea.
  Economists assume that we
Will spend until we're goggle-eyed,
  But I have half a mind to be
As unresponsive as the tide.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Echo Chamber

PRESIDENT FORD'S San Diego press conference contained two threads of contradiction. These confusions will vex our thinking and trouble our politics for some time to come. The contradictions concern the consequences of, and blame for, the American defeat in South Vietnam.

Mr. Ford said: "We will stand by our allies and I specifically warn any adversary they should not under any circumstances feel that the tragedy of Vietnam is an indication that the American people have lost their will or their desire to stand up for freedom any place in the world."

These words are like an early Beatles record. They are an echo of the early Sixties, an echo of John Kennedy, in the snow, on the Capitol steps, on January 20, 1961, talking about going any place, paying any price, bearing any burden to ensure the survival of liberty around the world. The words were basically true then. Today, in echo, they unquestionably are false. And government by echo is a dangerous thing.

Speaking of allies and adversaries, Mr. Ford said: "I hope and trust they believe me when I say we're going to stand by our allies."

". . . they believe *me* . . ."? " . . . when *I* say . . ."? But the point is: Mr. Ford is not at the wheel. He is not in charge. In response to questions, Mr. Ford pledged to abide by the War Powers Act and the 1973 congressional ban on the use of U.S. force in or above Indochina, but indicated he felt frustrated by those limits. When asked about the lesson to be learned from Vietnam, Mr. Ford replied:

"I believe that the program of the previous four or five Presidents . . . were [*sic*] aimed in the right direction. That we should help those people who are willing to fight for freedom for themselves. . . . Unfortunately, events that were beyond our control as a country have made it appear that that policy was wrong. I still believe that policy was right if the United States had carried it out as we promised to do at the time of the Paris peace accords, where we promised that we would make military hardware available to the South Vietnamese government on a replacement, one-for-one basis. . . .

"*Q*. Are you blaming Congress for this then?

"*A*. I am not assessing the blame on anyone. The facts are that in fiscal year 1974 there was a substantial reduction made by the Congress in the amounts of military equipment requested for South Vietnam. . . ."

To the untutored ear, that sounded a bit like an assessment of blame. And the assessment became more direct when a reporter asked—and followed up—an explosive question:

"*Q*. Regardless of what caused it, it seems apparent that for the first time in our nation's history the enemy is about to win a war where Americans fought and died. Do you think that those 55,000 lives were wasted?

"*A*. I don't think they were wasted, provided the United States had carried out the solemn commitments that were made in Paris . . . If we had carried out the commitments that were made at that time, the tragic sacrifices that were made by many . . . would not have been made in vain. . . .

"*Q*. Is that a yes, then, sir?

"*A*. I still think there's an opportunity to salvage the situation in Vietnam, and if we salvage it . . . then there . . . was not, a sacrifice that was inappropriate or unwise."

MR. FORD'S answer did not parse perfectly, and it is probably just as well that it did not, because if he had said with cutting precision what he seemed inclined to say—that Congress has made a mockery of 55,000 dead Americans—the roof would have been blown off the Capitol. But precisely or not, Mr. Ford did lay the groundwork for a powerful last-minute appeal for more military aid for South Vietnam. It will be a final bid of "salvage the situation" and make sure that those men did not die in vain.

More precise words were offered, that same day, on the Op Ed page of the *New York Times*. The words were from Sir Robert Thompson, a staunch friend of the U.S. and an advisor on Vietnam to several Presidents:

"Insofar as motivation is a factor [in Vietnam], it is not the case that the other side got the Prussians while we got the Bavarians but rather that the South Vietnamese were unlucky enough to get the Americans while the North got the Russians. . . .

"Israel, having been compelled, on the Soviet Union's demand, to accept a ceasefire, has been asked to make further concessions vital to her security in return for an American guarantee. But a guarantee has only one meaning—the willingness to spill blood. It is hardly surprising that Secretary of State Kissinger's attempts at a settlement have failed. Israel realizes that an American President's guarantee is worthless. . . .

"Meanwhile, through an illusory detente, the Soviet Union has neutralized the United States for two certain future events: the death of Mao Tse-tung and the death of Marshal Tito. If either China or Yugoslavia can be coerced back into the Moscow fold, the Soviet Union will further strengthen the security of its base and the can-win, can't-lose strategic initiative both for itself and its allies. . . .

"The Administration can no longer conduct a credible American foreign policy. But, do not worry, a new foreign policy line has already been laid down by Congress: if you surrender, the killing will stop. It is a clear message, to the world, of the abject surrender of the United States."

Sir Robert almost certainly overstates matters. It is not quite balanced to fault the American people for sending "only" two million men to a small Indochinese country, losing 55,000 of them, and $150 billion in the bargain. Nor is it sensible to say that the war was "lost" because Congress, in the end, cut an appropriation request by $700 million. But overstatement has its uses: it can—and Sir Robert's does—highlight real trends. I have quoted Sir Robert at some length because the fact that a man of his sobriety can be so unstrung by recent events indicates the unease felt all around. □

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It's All Your Fault

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

As THE REAL WAR for the Mekong draws to a close, the shadow war intensifies and gives promise, like its progenitor, of a long and frustrating career. The objective: to fix the blame on the other fellow.

An initial confusion arises from the absence of an answer to the question: blame for what? For first sending U.S. aid to South Vietnam? For first ordering the involvement of U.S. soldiers in military actions? For building involvement into a huge expeditionary force? For ordering aerial bombardment of North Vietnam? For *not* destroying Hanoi and Haiphong? For *not* using nuclear weapons? For inappropriate and faulty military strategy and tactics? For permitting disgruntled citizens to sabotage the national effort? For backing the wrong crowd? For withdrawing U.S. military forces while the enemy was still undefeated? For signing accords with an enemy who could not be expected to honor them? For being stingy with support after the withdrawal? For misjudging Soviet and Chinese policy from beginning to end? It does not seem likely that a single scapegoat will do.

President Ford and Secretary Kissinger have been trying to load the blame on congressional shoulders; that is to say, trying to unload it from their own. But again, there is the confusion about blame for what. Certainly there are many episodes and aspects of the war, including our getting into it, for which Congress can *not* be blamed. Presumably Mr. Ford and Mr. Kissinger mean —in part—that the collapse of the anti-Communist forces in South Vietnam (and Cambodia) during the past few weeks was the consequence of Congress' failure to vote the full amount of aid requested by the Administration.

This Ford-Kissinger contention is implausible. From a rational point of view —which is not really relevant to disputes about blame—a stepup in aid to the level asked by the Administration might have delayed the collapse a few months, but even that much postponement was unlikely, to judge from the way the collapse has come about.

Two years ago, while the Vietnam "Accord" was in its final stages of negotiation, I wrote a series of columns that brought me a good many wrathful letters condemning my "pessimism" and "cynicism." I quote key sentences of the estimate I then made:

"Nixon [in ordering the resumption of bombing] still tries to hide from the rest of us, and from himself perhaps, the truth that because we did not defeat the enemy, our Vietnam mission has failed" (*NR*, Jan. 19, 1973).

"The text initialed January 22 by Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho and signed January 27 . . . is not in truth 'an agreement to end the war and bring peace with honor in Vietnam and Southeast Asia.' . . . The agreement would be accurately entitled: A Protocol of American Military Disengagement from Vietnam. That is what President Nixon and his countrymen wanted, and that is what we have got. . . . It is likely that the overtly military sector of the protracted conflict in Vietnam will quiet down for a while, at least until the U.S. disengagement is completed and U.S. concern turns away from Southeast Asia. . . . But there is no prospect that Communist Hanoi will renounce its goal of taking power in South Vietnam . . ." (*NR*, Feb. 16, 1973).

"To the North Vietnamese, the ceasefire agreement means, in essence, getting rid of the Americans, as before they got rid of the French. . . . With U.S. forces withdrawn from the theater, the strategic position of the Communists in relation to South Vietnam, in fact to Indochina as a whole, would seem to be overwhelming. . . . When U.S. power is gone, Communist power will be predominant in the Indochinese equilibrium. . . . The Communists will not keep the terms of the ceasefire. . . . It will soon become psychologically and politically impossible for the U.S. to shift back to direct military intervention. . . . So: a loosening of tensions at least long enough to get U.S. military power out, and then the concluding phases of the revolution along the Mekong. Given the strategic layout, the outcome, if not the precise timing, is surely predictable" (*NR*, March 16, 1973).

Given American military withdrawal from (i.e., defeat in) Indochina, Ho's revolution along the Mekong would be accomplished: the equation is very nearly as certain as a theorem in Euclid. Do we therefore conclude that Nixon and Kissinger, who negotiated the withdrawal, get the blame? The argument is at least as convincing as assigning the blame to Congress. Congress, in prohibiting a renewal of military intervention and cutting down on support, has simply been carrying out, not the formal words and accompanying sweet talk, but the inner logic of the Kissinger-Tho Accord.

But Kissinger and Nixon were, in turn, only translating the sentiment that had come to prevail in the nation. Are we then going to shift the blame—for whatever it is we are blaming—to "the American people"? In one sense, perhaps, the people have the ultimate responsibility, but actually it does not make much sense to blame (or to praise) "the people" as an undifferentiated entity. "A people" becomes historically significant through its articulation into institutions and its expression through leaders and an elite. The American people grew weary of the Indochina war, impatient and balky. There were no leaders, no self-confident elite, willing to stand firm against the mass sentiment and to revive the discipline and courage of the people. The leaders—first the Ramsey Clarks in their way, finally the Nixons in theirs —succumbed to the people's failure of nerve instead of resisting it, each covering his demagogic submission with his own brand of moralizing formula.

Detente on the Mekong

Strangely, no one in these recent weeks has blamed Brezhnev. Every historical event is the resultant, in reality, of a multiple chain of causality. But Brezhnev and his colleagues may rightly claim that they forged one of the critical, even determining, links in the chain that led to the dissolution we have been witnessing this past month. Is mentioning this felt to be an incivility in the detente spring? "The President's trips to Peking and Moscow," I noted in 1973, "destroyed the political as well as moral foundation for an American anti-Communist policy in Indochina." □

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George Wallace And American Conservatives: THE NEXUS

One of the burning contemporary political questions is whether the conservatives and the Wallaceites can make common cause at the polls next time around. Here is one Southerner's view of how it might be done

M. E. BRADFORD

My ARGUMENT is a revision of the view advanced by Kevin Phillips in *The Emerging Republican Majority*, and reinforced by Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg in their *The Real Majority*. It is simple enough. Until it is possible for us as conservatives to bring the Wallace electorate and the 85 per cent of Republicans who are conservative together under one tent, without losing many from either company, and without defrauding either, we are condemned to be governed perpetually by the old familiar left-liberal coalition. Nothing about the union here envisioned is automatic. A McGovern can make it temporarily possible, but we cannot depend upon the availability of another such convenient adversary. Indeed, with each passing day, the prospects for this alignment grow dimmer. There is, however, an example which, if it were followed, might help achieve the end of a durable conservative majority. It is an example objectified in the political habitus of the Old South and in the organization of the armies by means of which that society almost achieved its independence.

My point of departure is the late Frank L. Owsley's *Plain Folk of the Old South*. No work of scholarship in American history more disturbs the Marxist or New Left intellectual community. For the burden of Owsley's analysis is that the patriarchal culture of the antebellum South knew the secret of maintaining flexible but distinctive social classes and a various distribution of property without suffering the perils of class struggle. Furthermore, the grounds for this amity existed, it appears, within all the component parts of that commonweal. Thus the system was not a trick played by the powerful upon the less fortunate. Neither was the smallest element of physical authority necessary to sustain its balance. For, by all accounts, nowhere was personal pride so generally spread throughout all levels of a diverse population, nor personal affront so certain to bring retaliation. And the latter was especially predictable with a vigorous yeoman majority.

One security for this ordinate self-esteem was, of course, the freehold itself: the fact that most Southerners had some title to a portion of their region's rich soil. What the law calls "real property" makes a man stand tall in a way that money cannot. The Revolution itself, and the early wars of the Republic, were reinforcements to this common pride. So was the frontier experience. Add to these the cushioning effect of large, inclusive families and of interconnection between these vast clans through marriage—clans whose members might occupy several different points on the social scale—and we have an explanation of the old Southerners' freedom from the besetting virus of modern political life, arrogant and self-righteous envy. Said another way, part of the identity of Southerners was a high degree of contentment with their personal lot, so long as reasonable opportunities to improve upon it remained available to them and their posterity.

But on the sources of this magnanimity let me quote directly from Owsley:

> Did the planter class as such dominate politics and determine the policy of government to the extent that has usually been claimed? If so, how did they control the mass of the voters? Was it done by intimidation through threat of physical violence to the voter or his family?—a method quite common in Europe today, and in many organizations in the United States. Such intimidation as a means of vote-getting can of course be dismissed. It would have been physical and political suicide in a country where close family ties and kinships were so numerous and close, and where such a threat would have been enthusiastically met—more than half way—by men and boys handy with firearms. Did the aristocracy control the people by means of economic coercion? This also is a method too well known in the United States even to be discussed. This type of coercion was not possible in the antebellum South, however, since the Southern farmer usually owned his farm and was dependent on no one. All forms of coercion were in fact out of keeping with the character of either the common folk or the planters. . . .

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> The truth of the matter is that whatever influence the planters exercised over the political action of the common people was of a personal and local nature. It was based upon the respect the plain folk had for the character and judgment of individual planters in that community and such qualities of character and judgment in the planter were revealed only by his genuine participation in community affairs.

Owsley begins these informed generalizations with an observation on the relation of self-assurance and mild ambition in the old yeomanry as a body: "Relatively few of the plain folk . . . seem to have had a desire to become wealthy. Their ambition was to acquire land and other property sufficient to give them and their children a sense of security and well-being . . . Nevertheless, the knowledge that the economic door was not bolted against themselves and their children tended to stifle the development of a jealous and bitter class consciousness."

The order of persons which Owsley is describing here is clearly what we would call a "middle class," or the nearest rural equivalent. Like our middle class, it was numerically the dominant social force in its world; and its heirs, be they landed or not, remain the most important element in contemporary Southern society. They were quicker than their betters to recover from the War between the States, and they are not yet fully detached from their roots, are still independent and determined to pull their own weight. Yet

Remember that the policy formulated in the bar of a country club or in the board room of a bank must survive the test of circulation in very different settings

they never *behaved* as a class, never thought of themselves as such: if asked to distinguish between themselves and the gentry, who as invited guests hunted their land, they would (according to Cleanth Brooks, in his book on Faulkner) speak only of "country people" and "town people." In their relations with professional and servant classes in their midst, both groups were (in Brooks's phrase) "easy and unselfconscious." And the best worked as a leaven upon the least, with no loss of dignity on either hand.

DEFERENCE, manners, and a practical recognition of political reality made it possible for the Confederate Army to advance into battle as something closer to a Highland clan than to today's military juggernaut. It was the armed extension of a community, all of whose parts were honored by their mutuality. The yeomanry, its heart, was especially confirmed in its self-respect by experience with regional politics, by tested confidence in the men whom it selected to represent common interests: selected because they were better able to achieve shared objectives than could one of their own who lacked the requisite education, intellectual habits, and feel for public service. When the Southern army elected many of its officers below field grade, it was doing nothing new or unusual in the eyes of the population it served. It often chose better than Jefferson Davis and his "trained" military advisors, as when it removed from command good soldiers who were also martinets and out of keeping with the spirit of the enterprise. For it knew what was needed, sought out the tested material in its midst, men of the same caliber as those who had led it to this final cast. What looked like "democracy" was, in fact, evidence of community.

Southern political life had been in the process of becoming more and more formally democratic throughout the three decades before the war. The indisputable and astonishing fact is, however, that these changes made almost no difference in the direction or character of the region's leadership—did not even after the war, until, following a final triumph over Reconstruction, representative spokesmen for the aristocracy turned their backs on the ancient alliance for a handful of Yankee silver. By then, various crafts, roles, and stations had ceased to support each other. And a process had been set in train which has delivered us unto the desperate condition we face today.

ALL OF WHICH brings us back to the question of what is to be done. Before the same forces can advance once more in a solid front, they must be gathered again under a common banner to step behind a common drum. Impurities and impediments to this purpose must be purged away. After 1878, as a consequence of foreign "isms," profitless compromises, and Yankee schoolmarms (to say nothing of the aforementioned amoral "individualism" in the highest places), the social bond that had given unity to the white South became more and more attenuated. And since 1932, the *patria*, though it has remained the nation's most conservative section, has nonetheless come closer and closer to a politics of class struggle. Thus (to repeat), though the South is still the only possible base for a broad-gauge conservative attempt to control the future of the Republic, there is, by reason of the differing rhetorical styles and priorities of the various factions which call themselves "conservative," no real probability that the opportunity available to those who honor the prescription of our forefathers will be seized in this, its most auspicious season.

It is unlikely that the present occasion will recur. The South no longer seems so "peculiar" in matters of race; "down there" is now everywhere, if only in that respect. Organized liberalism, with its academic and clerical minions, stands disgraced and must, on the hustings, disguise itself to survive. Party identities are tenuous. On every hand, old mendacious and equivocal leadership is being driven into oblivion. Everything for the moment is up for grabs. To advance practical suggestions based on the old Southern model, I must begin with negatives, the first two of which are the most scandalous.

1. It is better that we forget about the black vote as such. The question of what is both best for the Negro and best for the society upon whose well-being his fortune depends is not my subject here. It is wise to be honest with ourselves, and to admit that in the foreseeable future we will get few votes from that quarter, *so long as we remain conservatives.* The conservative consensus we would create would, we trust, be to the ultimate advantage of *all* South-

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erners and Americans. It is enough, therefore, that we ensure that our coalition not be vengefully anti-Negro. Our important enemies are not black, and the reason we have a quarrel with some Negroes lies in the nefarious influence of others upon them.

2. It is best that we not bind ourselves too closely to either national party. This is a more delicate matter. For, of course, responsible men who practice politics do so through the instruments of party. And—as Southern Republicans have been telling conservative Southern Democrats for twenty years—that is all party can mean: an instrument to serve an end. We must be conservative first (and probably Southerners first) and something else *therefore*. Burke defined a party as "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest upon some particular *principle* in which they are all agreed." (The antithesis of party in this sense is what Burke called an "interest" or "connection," the kind of body whose unity is essentially selfish or even predatory.)

I AM MYSELF a Democrat, for the time, as James Buckley is a Conservative. I have been other things and may be again. But the reason that Dallas Democrats elected me to the State Executive Committee is that I am known as that sort of party man. The voters, I can assure you, respond well to this mode of self-identification. They are impatient of any other, especially in the backwash from Watergate. But choose what vehicle you will, you must avoid any presentation that compromises your relation to the electors you would gather under your banner. Call this "populism" if you like. It is a strategy or style, not a political philosophy. But for a conservative, it is a strategy with propitious implications. For it incorporates the very mutuality that was present in the public life of an earlier South. It is not condescension. Advocate what you believe, are persuaded of, in the way of particular measures. But remember that the policy formulated in the bar of a country club or in the board room of a bank must survive the test of circulation in very different settings. Now this brings me to perhaps the most important of my warnings:

3. Just as state and local rights are still a good battle cry, property or money is a poor one. Economic issues may predominate during a time of economic instability; but the mistake of the Hamiltonians has never been (except for a brief moment, when we ratified Mr. Madison's imperfect instrument) a part of Southern conservatism. And as Scammon and Wattenberg insist, so long as the workingman and storekeeper and farmer are able to get by, a position on the "social issue" makes the difference between victory and defeat at their hands.

It is possible of course to oppose a particular economic measure. Privacy or independence in one's personal affairs can be an issue. So can the economic and moral scandal of welfare; and, surely, the omnipresent bureaucracy. But Wallace people know that the folks who, for the sake of "business stability," have slowly sold them out on social questions are the very ones who cry out over taxes, move to "safe" school districts or send their children to private schools, and then vote Republican. They know that in recent years the big corporation has been Leviathan's friend. They are, in short, pretty much cured of one-issue conservatism; but they have reason to doubt that their polite Whig counterparts have come that far. And they must be convinced that you are committed to the interests of the country and the blue collar boy before they will be inspired to save your bacon.

Two final negatives: 4) don't be oversensitive to news media hostility; and 5) don't represent yourself as men of the "center" unless you have established an extremely conservative identity. Press hostility is not to be solicited; but if it is already virulent, it can be played upon as an outland voice, and may well stimulate an underdog or backlash effect. Otherwise, if the hostility is merely mild, the best policy is candor and politeness, minimum contact, and a calculated touch of flair and color that will get your prepared (and populist) statements published verbatim.

As for centrist politics, the good grey men of equivocation are extremely vulnerable these days. And if you are successful in discrediting the old compromisers and self-appointed moderates as bought men, the voters will be left with a clear choice between your position and the far left—a choice which (except perhaps in the Northeast) can come out only one way. Needless to say, these grey men of the center include many union leaders, resented (as witness the recent miners' election) by those who pay the dues. Attack them, but not labor itself.

Now for the positives. Rhetoric, not principle, is the ordinary weakness of American conservatives. And we Southerners have, in the example of our progenitors, a corrective to this lack: the model, once it is absorbed, will provide a feel for the tactical specifics in any particular contest. In electioneering it hurts nothing to invoke this history: I have seen a county carried by two choruses of "Dixie" played from a loudspeaker on a moving flatbed truck. Our people have a profound yearning for that unity which was but is no more. Invoke their pieties without apology: they will repay in kind. And we Southerners must make our people aware that what we do in the South *can* make a difference, that it is now possible to export our political vision, and that we intend nothing less.

WE SHOULD remember Parnell and the Irish members of Parliament under Gladstone: demand all, concede nothing. Twenty per cent of the Congress, a few members in a state legislature, a handful on the executive committee of a party can grind routine business to a halt. Policy changes and appointments follow hard upon such intransigence, as the "freedom now" camp has demonstrated. Finally, never "go along to get along." Special arrangements may be concluded; but we must insist on more than a mere postponement of the intolerable. For reform is nowadays usually synonymous with reaction: we must not apologize for the equation when it applies.

Such are my thoughts, not on men, but on measures. But from what I have said concerning the latter, you may guess my disposition where the former is concerned. Yet even after the present governor of Alabama and the present generation of deracinated Republican precinct chairmen have departed from the political arena, our problems as conservatives and as Southerners will remain unchanged. In finding a solution to them that accords with our heritage, and in transmitting it beyond the confines of the South itself, we cannot, must not fail. For in our enterprise, the fate of more than the South lies in the balance. □

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LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

Leftist Lies, Liberal Legends

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

FORTY YEARS AGO Wendell Willkie, in one of the most naive books published in this century, told us we were living in one world. Then the Iron Curtain descended and one world became two. Today what has become known as the Third World is itself subdividing: the affluent Arab states on one side, the underdeveloped nations on the other. Around these nations a mythology is growing, designed to create a sense of guilt within the wealthier industrial nations.

General living standards in the underdeveloped regions are indeed lower, often much lower, than in the advanced industrial nations. But we should remember that until roughly 5,000 years ago men lived under unspeakable conditions, exposed to heat and cold, menaced by wild beasts, tortured by vermin; they lived in caves, under trees, or in miserable huts, and engaged in constant savage wars. In the Neolithic period the average life expectancy of those who survived childhood was 22 years for women and 28 for men. Here and there, along the Nile, in Mesopotamia, along the Indus and the Yang-tze, some few individuals led lives which we, the products of Western civilization, consider compatible with the dignity of man. It is only within the last five generations that some nations have developed what we call decent living standards. Louis XIV never got rid of his lice and fleas and Versailles stank terribly in summer. The amenities enjoyed today by the lower classes in industrialized societies (flush toilets, hi-fi sets, television, modern hospitals, antibiotics, comfortable travel, dentists, etc.) would have seemed utopian to a wealthy aristocrat two centuries back. But this was bought at a very high price, through the harnessed genius of generations of scientists, engineers, managers, and entrepreneurs and at the cost of a brutally ascetic life for the working class for an extended period.

A study of the economic structure of Western industry reveals that profits were high in the early and even in the later nineteenth century but, contrary to the general assumption, manufacturers and their families during and right after the Industrial Revolution lived rather modestly. The typical factory owner (usually a self-made man) lived a Spartan life. (The clientele of the expensive nineteenth century hotels and watering places were, more often than not, the landed nobility.) What, then, happened to the substantial profits? They were almost all ploughed back into the business enterprise. The grim existence of the workers fifty to one hundred years ago made today's prosperity possible—as did, of course, the ingenuity and hard work of directors, technicians, and bankers.

WHAT THE Third World now demands as its due is the fruit of this decidedly nonmiraculous though admirable achievement of Western industrial civilization. "Why are they so rich and we so poor?" they ask, and the answer they have come up with has been: "Because we have been repressed, colonized, and cruelly exploited for their benefit." They hold that today's neocolonialism is merely a modern version of the old, direct colonialism. Therefore they hold that the exploiters are morally obliged to raise the Third World to the level of the industrialized societies. Differences in material standards are unjust, capitalistic, and undemocratic.

This analysis is false and is largely, although not exclusively, motivated by envy. It is also the dynamic element in national and international socialism. Since 1945 the notion that people within a given nation should not only have the same vote but also live at roughly the same material level, has been extended to the world itself. Any given nation should be as wealthy as any other.

As for the intelligence and the inventive genius of the West, the Third World claims that, had they been spared the degradations of colonialism, they would have produced a material civilization at least on a par with the West's. Had the white man not conquered them, India, black Africa, and Borneo would be swarming with Einsteins, Freuds, Marconis, Benzes, Roentgens, Fokkers, Brauns, Bessemers, and Edisons. Yet noncolonized areas like Nepal, Bhutan, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, or Arabia, not to mention China, have not in point of fact been blessed with a plethora of scientific geniuses. The related accusation, that the colonizers tried to withhold knowledge from their overseas possessions, is equally nonsensical. When the Belgian Congo was prematurely decolonized it had two universities with graduate schools. The Spaniards began to found universities in their colonies as early as the sixteenth century, and the British did the same in India and in Africa. Missionaries dotted the overseas territories with innumerable schools and hospitals.

Contrary to popular belief, the colonies—unless, like the Thirteen Colonies, cultural extensions of the motherland—were rarely paying propositions. There were exceptions, such as Haiti prior to its independence; some of the other West Indian islands (small and easily administered); a sector of the Dutch East Indies. But of the German colonial empire, for example, only little Togo operated in the black, and the Belgian Congo did so only between 1940 and 1956. Between 1908 and 1960 the Belgians invested 260 million gold francs in the Congo and got 25 million back. In 1801 Britain's trade with India did not exceed that with the Isle of Man. Before 1914 Britain's overseas investments in India amounted to only 16 per cent of her total. Adam Smith insisted that British profits from the Thirteen Colonies could be as substantial after independence as before and, in fact, Britain's trade with America rose from $15 million before 1776 to $61 million in 1806. Disraeli opposed Britain's colonial ventures ("those miserable colonies") and Richard Cobden exclaimed: "Where is the enemy who would do us the favor to steal such possessions?" In point of historic fact, the loss of the colonies coincided with Europe's great postwar prosperity.

What really happened after World War II was this: in their adolescent fervor, the colonies chafed against the

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's Leftism *was published by Arlington House last year.*

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parental authority of the motherlands. Both Washington and Moscow favored anticolonialism. In due course the parent countries let their adopted children go, with mixed sighs of anger, indignation, *and* relief, and the escapees looked to the two world powers for aid.

What interests us here is the reasons for the enormous difficulties encountered by the new nations in their uphill economic fight. And this brings us to the crux of the problem: lack of a disposition for hard and systematic work—*la gana de trabajar*, as the Spanish call it. (Professor Allison Peers talks of a beggar who accosted him in the streets of Madrid: "Give me alms, little brother, for the love of God who, in the fullness of my youth, has taken from me *la gana de trabajar*!")

In Europe the inclination for hard and persistent work evolved only with the Reformation. Keep in mind that, prior to the Reformation, Europe celebrated from 90 to 130 holidays a year in addition to the 52 Sundays. The guilds also prohibited any kind of work by artificial light. The *gana de trabajar* has little to do with race or climate or terrain. The Indians, for example, become highly efficient workers and merchants once they are away from home, and the "Protestant work ethic" has gradually penetrated into southern and central Europe. To this day it has not reached Russia. (In Moscow you will not get breakfast in a hotel before 9 A.M. and shops open at 10. Consumer products are markedly inferior and agriculture is a complete failure. Lack of *gana* and socialism are a fatal combination.) It is impossible to prove scientifically whether we are "normal" and they "lazy," or they "normal" and we "work-obsessed."

The problem is simply this: if the underdeveloped nations want Western living standards, they will have to accept our work ethic plus a free market economy. (They also have to accept and guarantee the safety of foreign capital.) But the work ethic of the Third World seems to have remained on a low level. Dr. J. S. Kanwar of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research in Delhi says that if farmers in two—just two—of the Indian states were to use modern agricultural methods and hard work, India could be adequately fed. And if all of India were to adopt such methods, it could export one-third of its agricultural products. Or take Uganda: there, in an ideal climate, the peasant works an average of two hours a day, his wife five. The expelled Indians worked a great deal more—one of the reasons, no doubt, for having got rid of them. In his *False Start in Africa*, the French Socialist René Dumont gives a depressing picture of African diligence. The situation is not much better in most parts of Latin America where populations increase even faster than in Asia.

Isn't there in fact a vicious circle in the Third World of undernourishment, disease, bad climate, social oppression, overpopulation, lack of incentive, etc.? I don't believe it. Look at the Japanese immigrants in Peru; they arrived with empty hands, ignorant of the local language, but disciplined, hardworking, and with strong family ties. They have made good, as a glance at Lima's telephone directory will show you. All over the Third World we find small minorities who are ambitious and industrious and who become rich quickly because there is little competition. Naturally they evoke bitter envy among the indolent masses who accuse them of tricky business practices and exploitation. There are the Chinese of Malaysia, Indonesia, and the Philippine Islands, the Indians in Africa and on the South Sea Islands, the Parsees in India, the Japanese, Lebanese, and Syrians (*Turcos*) in Latin America and Africa, the *Gringos* in the southern part of the Western Hemisphere.

In Europe, too, we have such successful minorities. In the course of anticapitalist frenzies these minorities have suffered everywhere and consequently have tried to salt away their profits abroad. No wonder. The demagogues in and out of power are after them. Foreign funds must be invested in the underdeveloped countries, say the Third Worlders, while at the very same time, they menace these investments in the name of a national socialism. "Redistribution" is the catchword. Within the national framework it ought to be evident that in the underdeveloped countries the social pyramids—with their broad bases consisting of millions of paupers which then narrow suddenly to a long, thin, but very conspicuous needle—hardly lend themselves to effective "social engineering." The volume of the needlelike top is exceedingly small; if melted down and added to the base it would scarcely benefit the masses. What is really needed is a bigger cake and to get this it will take hard and sustained work, foresight, thrift, and discipline. The expropriation of the local rich or of foreign entrepreneurs will not lead to prosperity even if, for a while, the expropriating nation can ask and get fabulous prices for certain raw materials. The emerging nations should study Japan, South Korea, Singapore, and, above all, Taiwan (two-thirds the size of Switzerland, but with a population of 16 million and a flourishing economy). Lasting economic miracles do not rest on raw materials but on human qualities. To repeat: the high living standards of the West are not the result of a brutal exploitation of overseas colonies. Indeed the loss of investments there has been phenomenal. It was just when the necessary substructure of roads, railroads, hydroelectric plants, schools, hospitals was nearing completion, that decolonization set in. And in the process the former imperial powers were left with a lasting sense of guilt. (Nobody points out that the European nations with the highest living standards are precisely those that never had colonies: Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland.)

But this guilt is false, masochistic. There are many cases where Western aid is legitimate, as, for instance, in the case of natural catastrophes: hunger in the Sahel region and in the Deccan, floods in Bangladesh, earthquakes in Peru, or epidemics in the Near East. We ought to give whatever we can for charity—but not a cent for blackmail. And we ought to remember the African proverb: a child hates the person who gives him whatever he demands. □

Bill of Particulars

Things I do not understand:
Kissinger ("Peace is at hand").
Wall Street's fluctuating stocks.
Wilbur Mills, and Fanne Foxe.
People who know how to buy.
Those who say they *like* to fly.
Banks and churches. Diet pills.
Phone bills. Gas bills. Rent bills. Bills.
Rockefeller. Kennedy.
Dirty tricks. Skulduggery.
Comics. What makes zippers zip.
Nixon-Korff relationship.
Phony connoisseurs of wine.
Views at variance with mine.

—Corinna Marsh

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ANATOLI RADYGIN

Prison—a double negative in Soviet society—becomes an oasis of freedom. Here the prisoner tells his story of the inside, the outside, and the land beyond

A Talk with a Russian Dissenter

IRINA KIRK

As a child Anatoli Radygin dreamt of an heroic life: to sail to the end of the earth, to be an Arctic pilot. But he earned his first reprimand for having made a "political error" in high school; he took the wrong ideological line in a paper on Maxim Gorki. Later he studied at the Soviet Naval Academy in Leningrad, the Soviet Annapolis, but was thrown out a few months before graduation for his "defiant attitudes." Radygin was also a poet, and for a time he was a trusted person in Leningrad's editorial offices. When Yuri Gagarin flew into space, it was Radygin who was chosen to write the first poem about this event. Later Radygin worked as a captain of fishing vessels. But whenever the moment came for his vessel to fish foreign waters, he would be removed as captain and someone else put in his place. He determined to escape by swimming the 23 kilometers from Batumi to Turkey. But he was betrayed, arrested by the KGB, and sentenced to ten years in prison, first at Potma, but later, as punishment for an attempted escape, he was sent to Vladimir, Russia's most fearsome prison, where he spent six years. This article is adapted from a book of interviews, Profiles in Russian Resistance, *by Irina Kirk, which Quadrangle will bring out later this month.*

Q. Under what circumstances did your attempted escape occur?

A. I planned it for a long time. I calculated the direction and strength of the undercurrent in Batumi, the velocity of the wind on a stormy night, the height of the waves. I planned to swim between two waves as much as possible. On September 11, 1962, the weather turned bad. It wasn't just raining, the rain came down as a massive wall. It was just what I needed. The watch on the observation tower was at a minimum, the shore searchlight could pierce only a part of the wall of rain. I undressed in the bushes, spread a heavy coat of oil on my body to protect myself from the chill, put on my fins. Suddenly I was surrounded by flashlights and drawn guns. They tied my hands and took me to prison. After three months of interrogation and psychiatric punitive wards, I was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Q. How did the KGB find out about your planned escape?

A. On my last night in Leningrad I had dinner with a friend. Not exactly a friend—he was one of those miserable drunkards whom no one wanted for a friend. I befriended him out of pity. We had dinner and drinks and we talked all night, as is customary in Russia, and at 6 A.M. when I was saying goodbye to him, in a moment of weakness, I told him what I was going to do. I told no one else . . . I parted with him at 6 A.M. and at 6:30 he was already on the way to report me. He knew that if I was caught they would question him, or punish him for not reporting me.

Q. What did you tell them at the trial?

A. I was honest enough. I said to them, "I'm alien to you. I wanted to leave. I can't live with you and your KGB in one bag. And I won't." I told them I expected an arrest anyway. In short, I was open, even though I didn't have any friends or any movement behind me. It was out of despair that I didn't try to justify myself before them.

Q. At the time you conceived this escape were you exposed to any Samizdat literature or any anti-Soviet information?

A. Absolutely none. I was cut off from any Samizdat. I just understood, by reading the Soviet press between the lines, that this nation is a Genghis Khan Empire. It is interested in unlimited expansion and in nothing else at all. I understood that the aim of the Soviet Union was not to produce Plymouths of the latest style, but to produce weapons for world conquest. All the best brains of the country are mobilized to that end alone. The West doesn't want to understand it.

Q. When you arrived at the labor camp what did you find?

A. I was expecting to find the elite there. I found everything there. I owe my education to those there. They freed me from the last illusions and fictions by which even a disloyal Soviet citizen lives. It is very difficult to part with a myth, because to part with "sacred ideas" is to admit that one's life has been lived in vain. One can easily give up Stalin, but then one must give up one's love for the Party, and what's most difficult of all to renounce, the idea of equality. To admit that equality is unjust is very difficult. Because it gets

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transformed from a political into a religious category. But if you approach it philosophically the idea of equality is corruptive. In this sense the prison was my university. I don't think I could have had a better education elsewhere. And therefore I don't consider those ten years of my life a waste. If you look around in a labor camp, on the surface it is as though there are just ordinary people sitting all around you. But each life is an odyssey. You could find two people together, one of whom was defending Königsberg twenty years ago and the other assaulting it. There were men literally from every army in the Second World War. People who defended Tobruk and people who sabotaged Crete; people who took Paris and people who took Rome; members of various intelligence and counterintelligence organizations. To see them together, to hear their stories, was indeed an education one couldn't get elsewhere.

Q. It wouldn't seem that you needed a library there?

A. We had an oral library. A new prisoner would arrive and bring with him the latest song by Galich. Or he would recite Samizdat poetry and prose from memory. My wife (whom I did not know at that time) was our biggest help in that. She wrote several letters a day; her assault on the prison walls with those letters was so powerful that neither censorship nor theft of letters could stop the stream. Thanks to her and her friends, we knew what was going on, who was arrested, who was on trial, what was new. Her Aesopian allusions were so imaginative, so humorous, so inventive that we knew everything. Thanks to these letters we often could prepare ourselves for an interrogation. If a friend was arrested, we knew it immediately.*

Q. In short, you became an ideological dissident in prison camp?

A. Yes, only at that late date. Those in my "literary" circle, prior to my imprisonment, were only flirting with dissidence. Though I was politically naive I still sensed that their opposition wasn't serious. As for my naval colleagues, most of them were good people but hopelessly ignorant of civil rights matters. In my own case I first made the acquaintance of the Ivan Denisoviches of the Soviet prison world, and only later read about them.

Q. What did you do in the evenings in the camp?

A. Every evening there would be heated arguments, lectures, new discoveries. These would be especially intense if you were in a punitive but nonsolitary dungeon. There an historian like Osipov would give lectures, or a poet like Valentin Sokolov would read his poetry, and the dungeon would be transformed into a high level discussion club. And in that dungeon, where we had nothing else (not even the regular "diet"), the arguments were of the purest essence and of the purest passion.

Q. You mentioned that some prisoners who had been sentenced to 25 years for working with the Germans were still there 28 years after the war. How is it that they are still there?

A. First of all, they weren't always caught at the time. Or the authorities knew about them but postponed their arrest until it was needed. The authorities know of a number of people who are guilty of serious crimes and a number who are worthy of honor. The regional KGB knows a few in each category in each district. And since it is necessary to keep up the tension, from time to time they will need to dig up a hero or a traitor. At some moment the local KGB gets an order to produce a hero. The papers headline the event, meetings are held, the old guy is dragged to some podium, a medal is hung around his neck, everybody cries, there is renewed enthusiasm and all the veterans piss in their pants out of pure elation. They recall that they too are heroes. A traitor whom they have known about all along can be discovered as easily. There is an emergency trial, witnesses appear, and the 25-year sentence is handed down. At times when a certain district runs out of "traitors" they yank one out of some camp and charge him with new crimes "previously undiscovered." Sometimes there is a death sentence.

Q. What does all this achieve?

A. It's all thought out. The griefs, hatreds, and hostilities of the postwar period must be kept at a certain degree of heat.

Q. How is America regarded by the inmates?

A. My own pro-Americanism elicited a lot of hostility. The Zionists could not forgive Eisenhower for his betrayal of Israel in 1956. Most inmates, especially the nationalists, hate America as much as they hate the Soviet government. This is because some time ago irresponsible journalists, senators, businessmen, and the military promised them help in their fights for independence. They fought and died praying for America and when Moscow triumphed and the help never arrived it resulted in hatred toward America. Now any kind of American failure is joyfully applauded and is considered a just punishment for "betrayal." But I still believe that America is the last bastion of hope.

Q. You were in the same camp as Andrei Sinyavsky [jailed in 1966 for having smuggled books abroad and had them published under the name of Abram Tertz]. Could you tell me about him?

A. He was loved by everyone, even those who were totally opposed to him ideologically. All those who searched for warmth came to him. Once, when the 11th Zone was being transferred to different camps (in order to break up friendships and human relationships formed in camps, inmates periodically are transferred), I was in BUR [Barrack of Strict Regime]. Two weeks before such transfers all "unreliable elements" were placed in BURs. The transfers are usually painful, people part

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*Alla Tsvetopolskaya first began to question the myths she had lived by with the revelation of Stalin's sins at the Twentieth Party Congress. It was not until ten years later that she summoned up the courage to move into open dissidence through signing a letter in defense of Aleksandr Ginzburg. When she asked what else she could do to help the imprisoned dissidents a friend suggested she write letters to them, and she did so for years. Through Ginzburg, who shared a cell with Radygin for a time, she came into touch with Radygin. She was waiting for him at the gate of Vladimir Prison the day he was released. They were married and left for Israel nine months later.

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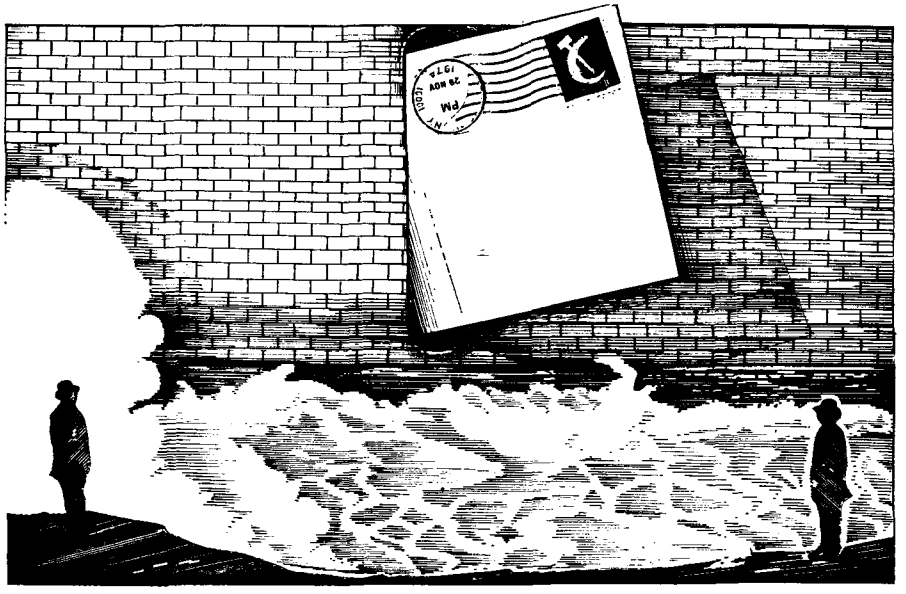
perhaps forever, there is a lot of confusion, fear, and anxiety. Usually it is easy to overlook that someone has been absent for two weeks. Yet, though I was not Sinyavsky's personal friend, but only one of his entourage, he came to the fence behind which I was locked up, to say goodbye. He had every right to forget and he didn't. And when I heard his voice calling me, I cried.

Q. Did you yourself write in the camp?

A. Yes, I wrote poetry. I didn't attempt to write prose there because it would have been confiscated. I wrote on strips of old newspapers. My comrades memorized the poems and took them out that way when they'd served their time. Then these poems appeared in Samizdat and in the West.

Q. How early were you interested in poetry?

A. As long as I can remember. My family loved poetry. My mother was a ballerina, my uncle a scholar, they knew the poetry of Akhmatova, Mandelstam, Tsvetayeva, but they feared to open that



forbidden world to me when I was a child. They watched helplessly while I was being stuffed with the hurrah poetry of Mayakovsky. My parents knew how a romantic lad like me would have loved to know the poetry of Gumilev, especially his travel poems, but all this they had to hide from me, so that in childhood, in my youth, I didn't even hear the names of those poets. My childhood was during the time of the most horrendous repressions and purges. We were brought up on false history, on false geography, on pseudo-heroism, as our parents, frightened into total silence, did not dare to interfere and simply watched helplessly as we were being stuffed with lies.

Q. When did you first get acquainted with the works of those poets?

A. In the labor camp, where people like Vagin, Sinyavsky, Aleksandr Ginzburg recited them for hours. And not only those, but others—hungry, persecuted, sick inmates—recited poetry, often to themselves. Do you know in Margolin's book, *Journey to the ZEK Country*, there is a scene in which a Russian intellectual is dying; he is lying on the ground of a concentration camp and with blue lips reciting *The Iliad*? Paradoxically it is in prison that one gains freedom that one could never even dream of outside its walls.

Q. But not everyone in camp was interested in poetry and philosophy, and in those all-night discussions.

A. True, some were bored. But for those who were interested, it was a matchless opportunity. They had formulations on which they had spent years, arguments to polish and quotations they held dear and took with them everywhere. And also music. The world of music opened up for me, as perhaps it never could elsewhere, because there in prison you listen totally. No mundane questions, no routine preoccupations can disturb you or divert your attention. There are always a few connoisseurs of music who would explain to you that Toscanini conducted this Beethoven symphony differently. Our minds were free, we were free of fear because there is nothing worse than prison, and our nerves were naked to the perception of music.

Q. You found an intellectual brotherhood in camps and prisons, but was there any contact with nature, with animals, with the primitive world?

A. Of course, and again more acutely than in freedom. Among the animals there were also friends and monstrous enemies. The enemies were bedbugs and lice and, worst of all, rats. Among our friends were cats. They were loved by all the inmates, who gave them names and shared their rations with them. Dogs were, of course, forbidden since they could have been trained to perform certain tasks. During the times of mass concentration camps, once in a while a dog would manage to live among the inmates and if it were a bitch it had often a mistress' function. Some people dislike dogs after experiencing prison convoys with German shepherds. I was escorted several times by such dogs, but I couldn't lose my affection for them. Once in a while there were horses, which had been given up by farmers, but they still "worked" in the camps. They were loved especially by former peasants. I once saw a peasant, who thought no one was watching him, hugging and kissing a small horse; he was crying and he fed the horse his ration of bread. When winter came we could not stand the sight of freezing birds. This was in Vladimir Prison. We didn't have enough bread, but many shared it with the birds. Bluejays can be saved with a little fat. If we weren't punished we received 200 grams of margarine a month. Though it was precious we used to spread some of it on the windowbars and watch them peck it. We knew each bird, we named them, and if one didn't show up for a day, we were anxious about its fate (was it eaten by a cat?). In the dungeon we were deprived of these joys.

Q. What could you do there?

A. I used to watch the cockroaches. They had steel-like black suits of armor and reminded me of proud, distinguished knights, grand cavaliers of the Golden Fleece. Among them was a simple red-skinned relative, whom I called Don César de Bazan, Count de Garofa. The evil, black, powerful spider who lived in the corner was named Don

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Sallusty de Bazan, Count de Garofa. And I treated them accordingly. There was also an ant who used to come alone, having somehow lost his ant-comrades—he had two names. Some said he was a spy from a foreign civilization, a traveler and a missionary, and called him Marco Polo. Others felt he was a disappointed poet and dreamer in conflict with the hypocritical morality of his antheap, and therefore exiled. They called him Lord Byron.

Q. When were you freed?

A. On September 11, 1972 I went to live in Tarusa where Anatoli Marchenko [author of *My Testimony*] and Aleksandr Ginzburg were living. It is a place where many writers and poets live. As an ex-prisoner I remained under surveillance for eight months; that means not being able to leave the house after 8 P.M., not being able to go to a movie without their permission, and so on. I applied for a visa to Israel as soon as I could and nine months after I left prison, I received it.

Q. Do you remember your first impression of the West?

A. When we landed at Vienna airport, we were left alone; the police did not surround us, there were no barricades in the halls, no certain "young men" sneaking around. There were escalators and there were advertising posters in German, and we could go where we wanted to. The second impression that hit me when we were taken for a ride through the town was that all the windshield wipers were in place. In the Soviet Union every driver takes off his windshield wipers and hides them when he parks his car on a street.

Q. How do you picture your future?

A. I picture it in America. I've always felt myself an American. I'm glad I went to Israel first. I would have never forgiven myself had I not been there during the Yom Kippur war. When I was trying to escape I was thinking of eventually reaching the States. My ideal is still the American tolerance, the American Constitution, and that is why I, an atheist and a hater of all slogans, I began and ended each day in prison with a prayer, "America, God bless thee from ocean to ocean."

Q. Why do you think you know America?

A. The Soviet authorities took care to acquaint us with all the "ulcers of capitalism." Any weakness, any fault, any failure of America was instantly propagandized in the country. And even believing every word, I still thought that there was no nation in the world that was better in both a material and a moral sense. There are no ideal countries and there never will be, but all that mankind could achieve is in the New World.

Q. What about the American global expansion?

A. The expansion of capital, of building factories, roads, schools—a nation that obediently packs up and leaves when the local government orders it to do so—is not an expansion of tanks and military garrisons. It is not an expansion of poverty and barbed wire.

Q. What about the Vietnam War?

A. I realize that you have one view of it and I another. My view is based not just on my personal experience but on what I was taught in the Naval Military Institute back in 1952. When the Soviet Navy was still pitiful, when the Soviet Union had barely gotten the atom bomb and it wasn't known whether it was transportable or not—that is, when the Soviet Union was not yet really dangerous—even then we were being taught about world domination. They named concrete places in the world that were potential revolutionary centers. This was before the success of Fidel Castro, and they were telling us, "We don't yet know which of the Caribbean islands will be our satellite, but we will have rockets close to the Panama Canal. We will block the estuary of the Mississippi. We'll be near Gibraltar. No ship will go by without permission. We will reach Malta. During Nelson's time, Ushakov tried it, but we will achieve it. We will mobilize the proletariat in the Arab countries who can be taught to fire a gun in twenty minutes." When they wanted to give a concrete example of what they were driving at they pointed to a state that wasn't even a state but a French colony—Indochina. Our instructors used to take compasses and calculate the power of various planes, some of which were then only in the planning stage. We had to figure out the potential losses, the potential fatigue of the crew; that is, in 1952, it was being discussed very concretely in a businesslike way. It seemed then that the instructor was a braggart, but now I note in horror how those spots on the map have become targets. At that time it seemed boring and unreal because they had no means to concretize those plans. They have the means today.

Q. Is it true that at present our Navy is weaker than the Soviet navy?

A. I'll say this much. The Soviet Union is in a position to build any number of ships, while in the United States every dollar must be begged from the Congress and every dollar must be accounted for. That being the case, even such a powerful nation as America will find it difficult to compete with the Soviet Union.

Q. How do you picture your life in America?

A. I hope to work in my own field. I know that at 39 I am too old for the Navy, but I hope to do something with ships, the sea. If not, I wouldn't mind driving a truck, one of those heavy ones that crosses all the states. I will see America that way. And I hope to write a book. I have already begun.

Q. A book about your prison experiences?

A. About that too. But I also want to tell the West not to cry over us, not to defend us. The Soviet authorities have the means to destroy us. And indeed you have the right to ignore our pain and our tears and our blood. I want to describe all that I saw and experienced not as my yesterday but as the possibility of tomorrow.

Q. And the name of your book?

A. SYS—Save Your Souls. □

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INDOCHINA, R I P

Looking Back on Vietnam

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

I CANNOT HELP but think of the people I came to know during my three trips out to that tragic land. What anguish must they be going through?—they who gave their blood, risked their lives, lost their friends and families, who dreamed that their efforts would somehow bring freedom, security, and happiness to the tortured Vietnamese, who believed that the war was worth fighting. They were simple soldiers or peasants, a few officers, and a businessman. They had one thing in common: they wanted an independent Vietnam.

The first to come to mind is Dan Butler, a Special Forces advisor to a South Vietnamese marine unit. I had met him in Hué, that hauntingly nostalgic city on the banks of the perfumed river, with its serene world of heavily scented lotus ponds, multitiered pagodas, and imperial palaces. It was spring 1972; the North Vietnamese had just launched their massive offensive and overrun Quang Tri in the north.

Dan was apolitical. He was also pretty busy organizing his unit, which was expected to sustain the brunt of the attack. The press, which had descended in droves, expecting a replay of 1968, was convinced the Southern troops would break and run. Late one afternoon, while driving to the Citadel in Dan's command jeep, he broke his silence. "There's no way this place will fall," he said.

We had just driven by the main square where the stakes used by the Northerners for executing people were still standing as grim reminders. Butler quickly summarized what had happened four years before. And at the end I, too, became as sure as Dan that the city would hold. There was reason for that. In 24 days of February 1968, the North Vietnamese systematically and deliberately shot to death, clubbed to death, or buried alive some 6,000 inhabitants of Hué. Teachers, priests, policemen, local politicians, rural development personnel, and foreign medical teams—anyone who had anything to do with running the city or training the young—were included on their proscription list.

Very little was written by the world's press at the time about these massacres, even when the bodies were exhumed. But what no one realized at the time was that whatever else the slaughter of innocents accomplished, it effectively turned the bulk of the South Vietnamese against the Communists.

As the days went by and the front, which was along the My Chang river, continued to hold, Dan's mood became euphoric. He was very proud of his marines and the way they had learned to stand on their own feet. The last time I saw Dan I asked him about his future plans. He said he would stay in the army but one day would come back to "see this place and its people free and prosperous, and feel I helped a little."

Colonel Hoang Mao, the youngest colonel in the ARVN, was a highly experienced soldier. He had risen to his rank, unlike many other Viet officers, and showed no fear in the face of the enemy. He had been wounded eight times while leading his troops, who in turn respected and trusted him, and were ready to follow him anywhere. Mao had won one silver star, four bronze stars, various commendations for bravery, and a cluster of purple hearts.

When I met him he commanded Firebase Birmingham, a barren parched hill, surrounded by barbed wire, strategically located southwest of Hué. We used to stay up late at night in his bunker talking away about the war. Mao was a native of Hué and had high hopes for the area after the war. He planned to marry and help his father cultivate a tiny piece of land the family had acquired from the latest land reform. Mao was a Catholic and attributed his anti-Communism to the fact that in the North the people couldn't worship as they pleased. His anti-Communism was reinforced when he found young Communist troops chained to their tanks on a suicide mission that he had repulsed as a young captain.

Mao was the first to warn me that South Vietnam could not possibly survive after the ceasefire without massive firepower. He explained that the ARVN was taught to fight in the American way, and that its mobile troops needed above everything else lots of ammunition and plenty of fuel to fight successfully.

If Hoang Mao is still alive he must be a different man from the confident commander I knew. Then the initiative was on his side, and the morale of both the population and his troops was at its peak.

THROUGHOUT that spring I crisscrossed Vietnam, from Hué to the Delta, stopping over in Kontum and Pleiku, beautiful Nha Trang, and the bombed out An Loc. The transformation was in full swing. Gone were the days when ARVN soldiers would break and run after calling in an air strike. With a decreasing American presence on the ground, battles were being won and for the first time ARVN troops could hold their heads high. In An Loc, where 1,000 enemy artillery shells rained in per day, the 81st Special Airborne Ranger Brigade held out against the best the Communists could throw against them. Of 1,115 men, only 346 remained alive at the end. But the town was held.

Tran Van Hui, a buck private who spoke English and had befriended me there, would talk nonstop about his farm on the outskirts of An Loc when he wasn't asking me about American movie stars. An 18-year-old, Tran had lost his family when the VC had raided his village one night. He was determined to fight to the end against what he considered to be foreign invaders. His one ambition was for the war to end so that he could go back to tilling his little field.

After thirty years of war, the Vietnamese were ingrained with a bittersweet, lackadaisical way of looking at life, at once romantic and stoical. It made many of the American servicemen feel very close to the Vietnamese and go

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Mr. Theodoracopulos, NR's war correspondent, last wrote for us on Vietnam when he was there in 1972.

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THE BIG LIE

Christians, Jews, and Pius XII

The irony is rich: feeding anti-Catholic prejudices by accusing the Catholics of—antisemitism. And it's not only the irony that's rich—the campaign against Pope Pius XII is a pretty lucrative business

PETER WELLS

ONE OF THE most successful big lies of our day, ever more widely believed, has it that Christians are natural haters of Jews. A new book, *The Pope's Jews*, by Sam Waagenaar, serves the myth well with its titillating observations. It is so bad that it may go far: full page advertising, a scandal-hinting title, and, for the opening, a four-page vulgar joke about Jews and a pope—all these are designed to ensure it a certain success. But the book is still only a minor piece in the grand campaign, based on anti-Catholicism but fueled by the hope of sales to a credulous public. This campaign is damaging the community and savaging the truth.

According to the myth, Christians were silent partners of Nazi executioners, and the partnership was a logical conclusion of the anti-Jewish vindictiveness encouraged by the New Testament and Christian theology. Their literature and piety (the myth continues) remind Christians that Jews are deicides, a damned people worthy of punishment; consequently Christians condoned the savage Nazi persecution of the Jews. Their moral failure—or treachery—is typified in "the silence of Pope Pius XII." Many broadcasters of the myth now simply assume the "responsibility" of Pius and the Catholic community for the massacre of the Jews. The success of this myth is a matter of deep regret to all who treasure reason, truth, and justice. It must also pain those who had rejoiced in improved relations between the Jewish and Catholic communities, a rapprochement inspired in part by the obvious willingness of millions of American Catholics to lay down their lives fighting Hitler, whose chief immorality in Catholic eyes was the murder of innocent Jews. President Roosevelt could never have won Catholic support for his declaration of war against Germany in 1941 if Catholics had not already seen Hitler as a moral monster. Catholics of Irish, Italian, and German stock, isolationists in 1939, needed a stronger moral *casus belli* than the danger to England. They found it only in the atrocities perpetrated against Jews in the streets of Berlin and later in the gas chambers of the eastern provinces.

No alert Jew in America from 1939 to 1945 could have failed to sense among Catholics a solidarity of moral judgment against the Nazis. So manifest was the Jewish-Christian oneness of indignation that no one seriously doubted, in those years, that believing Christians and Jews would do everything possible to save any Jew menaced by Hitler. Toward the end of the war, as areas were freed of Nazi control, hundreds of stories surfaced testifying to Christian heroism in protecting Jews. With photos of captured concentration camps circulating widely, individual Jews and Jewish organizations alike were open in their gratitude to Christian families, convents, monasteries, which had risked their safety to hide and protect a few or many Jews. Pope Pius was thanked publicly and privately for what he did directly, and also for approving, despite the danger, a European network of Catholic groups to save Jews from the Nazis.

Exploiting the Trauma

It took about 15 years for the news media and publishing industry to see the sales potential in exploiting the lasting trauma of the Jewish community by providing a series of hitherto unexposed villains. The pursuit of Nazi war criminals was petering out, as it had to; and the indictment of a pope and the whole Catholic community held promise. The discovery arrived in time to satisfy an anti-Catholicism that had been starved of material during the war and early postwar years.

The scandal was still dirty backroom talk when Rolf Hochhuth seized the moment in 1963 to tell the world that "saintly Pius XII" was, in fact, a bitter pro-Nazi antisemite who, in simple terms, preferred his "German invest-

Mr. Wells, a Roman Catholic scholar, at present works in public relations in New York City.

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ments" and Fascism to the elementary human decency of saving the Jews. Hochhuth's play, *Der Stellvertreter* (*The Deputy*), was ignorant and contemptuous—pure "big lie"—but it sensationally shattered the general assumption of Pope Pius XII's basic morality and put the entire Christian community on the defensive. Its portrait of Pius wailing over a slump in stock values and callously brushing aside news that Roman Jews were being rounded up by the SS is pure Maria Monk anti-Catholicism. The play derived from two interviews an SS defector, Gerstein, supposedly had with the papal nuncio in Berlin and with the Pope himself. In fact neither interview took place. The nuncio, Monsignore Orsenigo, sensibly declined a visit from Gerstein, who, unrecommended and in SS uniform, offered to discuss with him failings of the German government. Hochhuth had also consulted a few magazine articles and one lurid book, and drew his main thesis from a confidential conversation with an unnamed curial source.

So much for history. But history was not the point. Dislike of a pope was the point, and the play's thesis was acclaimed without proof as a shocking historical revelation. (Hochhuth's next dramaturgical "revelation," that Winston Churchill arranged the murder of General Sikorski, received no acclaim and indeed very little notice from media publicists.) The real damage, of course, was done in Jewish communities, still stunned by the annihilation of half their people at the hands of Hitler, an event for which the available facts and explanations seemed trivial and absurdly inadequate. Rejecting the Christian explanation—the nature of fallen man—and still preoccupied with the problem of survival (now focused in Israel), they were historically all too susceptible to the assertions of the new hate literature.

Preserve the Living

The case against Pius XII rests on two points: 1) that he knew all along what was happening to the Jews, and 2) that he did not speak out strongly against Hitler regarding them. Books like *The Pope's Jews* keep proving these points over and over—even though nobody denies them. The real question is *why* Pius did not speak out—and the propagandist literature assumes that the reason must be antisemitism. As late as last year, the Rome correspondent of the *New York Times* filed copy headlined "The Vatican Knew of Pogroms Its Records Show"—records, incidentally, published by the Vatican. Such stories, like the books that prove that the Pope knew privately what he never denied knowing, are widely taken as evidence of a "crooked" Vatican.

Whatever the information he had, it is clear that from 1942 to 1945 Pius was determined not to anger Hitler regarding his treatment of the Jews. This was a matter of practical concern for those Jews still under Hitler's control. Pius knew vividly the Nazi *modus operandi*: planned brutality and mur-

der; and the threat to use these weapons on future opponents had won them gangland success in controlling every aspect of German life. The thought that a moral blast from the Pope, or from world opinion energized by the Pope, would deter them was simply ludicrous. But perhaps, some say, the Pope could have led Catholics within the Greater Reich to a deeper alienation from their rulers. Perhaps. But that was not the question he faced. He was not in the business of espionage or revolution. The question he faced—presumably still the relevant one—was: what could he do for the Jews? It should be too obvious to mention that he, like American and international Jewish leaders, was concerned with those Jews who were still alive and under Hitler's control. Much of the nonsense written today asks what the Pope did about the millions of Jews Hitler had already killed by 1944. He did exactly what the Jewish leaders did: nothing. Like them, he was concerned with those Jews who might still be saved.

Pope Pius also had before him several major examples of Nazi reaction to Catholic opposition. In 1937, Pius XI had issued the era's strongest denunciation of the Nazis—a document prepared by German bishops and shaped by the future Pius XII. The Nazis reacted with fury. From that point on thousands of Catholics paid with their lives for even ordinary opposition to the Nazis. There were thousands of priests in Dachau. But, interestingly, Nazi memoirs make it clear that *during* the war they themselves did not want to antagonize the Church. The Church was marked for extinction *after* the war. This did not mean, however, that the Church was free to lead opposition; when opposition occurred it was ruthlessly put down.

The Actual Record

The greatest example of Nazi reaction to Catholic statements took place in 1942 in Holland. The Protestant and Catholic hierarchies were told by the SS that if they remained silent about Nazi treatment of the Jews in Holland, baptized Jews would be left alone. The Protestants agreed, but the Catholic Archbishop of Utrecht refused and publicly denounced the persecution of the Jews. The Nazis immediately arrested all Jews baptized as Catholics and sent them to death camps in the east. (Edith Stein was among them.) Jews baptized as Protestants were not touched.

If more evidence is needed, the Polish bishops, hardly suspect as pro-German, asked that strong moral denunciation of the Nazis not be published in Poland lest their flocks meet worse persecution.

Given these facts, Pope Pius XII *and all the American Jewish leaders* had to consider the effect of any public statement on the millions of Jews still unarrested within Nazi-controlled areas. Today this sensitive central question is treated as so much double talk. Yet American Jewish leaders had no doubt where responsibility lay, and were even quieter than the Pope for exactly the same reason. Until the Sixties most ob-

(Continues on page 469)

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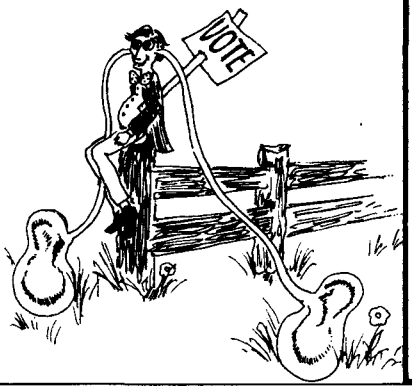

POLITICS, POLITICIAN, & Other Derogatory Terms

RICHARD ARMOUR

THERE IS so much reference to "politics" these days, whether one is a candidate for office or a voter, that it would seem useful to take a look at the word and its ramifications.

The word has an honorable enough origin, going back to the Greek word for citizen. It is also related both to the word for city, as in the Acropolis, or "the highest city," and (perhaps a surprise to some) to the word for police. One dictionary states that "politician commonly implies activity in party politics, especially with a suggestion of artifice or intrigue."

The distinction between a politician and a statesman has been made by many. According to A. L. Kinsolving, "The difference between a politician and a statesman is that the politician thinks of himself and his party; a statesman thinks of the people and the country." With a slightly different twist, James Freeman Clarke, a Unitarian clergyman of the last century, put it this way: "The difference between a politician and a statesman is that a politician thinks of the next election and a statesman thinks of the next generation."

Then of course there is the famous "A statesman is a dead politician"—so famous that its author is unknown.

Some see little difference between a statesman and a politician, while others can be irreverent, as was the playful poet, Eugene Fitch Ware, known as "Ironquill," who wrote the couplet:

Oft the statesman and the saint
Think they're doing good, but ain't.

It was Aristotle who first said that "Man is a political animal," and also insisted that "the good of man must be the end of the science of politics." He did not say, however, whether politicians usually hold to that end. Likewise George Washington, though not referring specifically to politics or politicians, expressed this noble thought: "The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government."

But those lofty pronouncements are far outnumbered by the denigrating, caustic comments. It was Oscar Ameringer who said, rather cynically: "Politics is the gentle art of getting votes from the poor and campaign funds from the rich, by promising to protect each from the other." And E. L. Godkin referred to a person who has "a loose, shifty expression of face, and one who gives you the impression of a thorough politician in the bad sense of the word." The good sense of the word, one might add, is hard to come by.

Consider Ralph Waldo Emerson's bitter pronouncement: "Politics is a deleterious profession. . . . Men in power have no opinions, but may be had cheap for any opinion, for any purpose." Even Abraham Lincoln is quoted as saying: "Politicians are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people and who are, taken as a mass, at least one step removed from honest men."

Lincoln, with his "taken as a mass," would perhaps admit that there are exceptions. But as you would expect of a satirist such as Ambrose Bierce, in *The Devil's Dictionary* he defines politics as "the conduct of public affairs for private advantage." Likewise the witty-gritty H. L. Mencken: "A good politician is quite as unthinkable as an honest burglar." And Jonathan Swift, one of the few to use "politics" in the plural, wrote: "Politics, as the word is commonly heard, are nothing but corruptions."

Even Shakespeare, in *Hamlet*, has his hero declare: "A politician . . . is one that would circumvent God," and in *King Lear* there is a reference to "a scurvy politician." Poet-dramatist John Gay puts it succinctly:

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art.

IT WAS Robert Louis Stevenson, better known for his poems and stories, who slyly remarked: "Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary." At a time when the press is being castigated by at least some politicians, it may comfort journalists to know that Frank H. Simonds (1878-1936) had this to say: "There is but one way for a newspaperman to look at a politician, and that is down." They could be tough in the Old Days.

As for the oft-quoted "Politics makes strange bedfellows," everyone knows it but not many know its source: Charles Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*, a garden in which there must have been some gophers and some thorns. As for "A politician is an animal who can sit on a fence and yet keep both ears to the ground," it remains anonymous, and perhaps it should.

Whether politics and politicians deserve such harsh treatment is something for the candidate, and the voter, to think about. Or maybe more writers of deathless quotations should go into politics. □

Mr. Armour's dozens of books include It All Started with Eve, Nights with Armour, *and* English Lit. Relit.

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Resurrection

MANY PEOPLE would have no difficulty in accepting the story of Jesus, if that story ended with his crucifixion and burial. The "happy ending," so unlike the "realistic" dramas now bleakly in vogue, would be absent. In addition, you would be left with a great story. Perhaps not the greatest story ever told. But at least as good as the stories of all the great heroes who paid for their greatness in the coin of ultimate sacrifice.

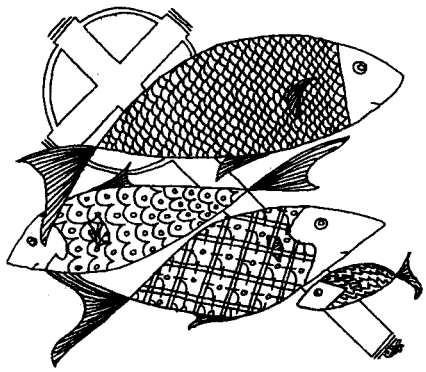
If his story *must* include a resurrection, there still need be little difficulty. If, say, we could take his resurrection to mean that Jesus was a supreme leader of men around Galilee and Jerusalem and those places: a sort of Jewish Osiris or Palestinian Gilgamesh who survived death and who helped a lot of people with crops and battles during an "extension" period of his life; or if, like Achilles, he was seen by a poet in the land of the shades, after a bit. That would be no more troublesome than good standard mythology. Universally appealing. Very good fad material, by the way; and you don't throw *that* away lightly nowadays.

Or, even if we didn't hoke up the resurrection of Jesus at all; but if we had indubitable proof and irresistible evidence that Jesus did indeed rise from the dead. Something as tangible as the Magna Charta, signed by a king or a committee or someone. And you could put it in the British Museum. I mean, then we'd *know*. Coldly factual substantiation. Done. Finished. In any of these cases, we'd have overcome most of the objections, and solved that odd discomfort people have with the bodily resurrection of Jesus. But the trouble is that, in place of discomfort, we would then face an unfaceable penalty: we would be alone. It wouldn't be an intellectual game we could opt out of later on. Cold alone. Forever.

Left to ourselves, *all* we know and the way we know it are hedged in by the confines of our biological species and the presuppositions of our consciousness. Our human perception is coextensive with the material universe; its limits are pre-set. We have no real choices, only acknowledgments to make; what we call truth is an elaborate tautology; and our judgments are irresponsible and fictitious, because they can really affect nothing. Our existence pales to an endless cycle of repetitions. Our love is a matter of temporary self-advantage. Finally, hope and enthusiasm are pinched and throttled. In the boredom of a lifelong isolation, our faith is reduced to a shaky trust in the strengths we know cannot last. If hope extends for a while beyond our single graves, still it can reach only as far as the species lasts—a succession of graves.

Left to ourselves, such would be our aloneness.

We need to be saved from that aloneness. But the most widely broadcast advice that besets us tells us to restrict ourselves to ourselves: get your psychophysical self back in tune with your psychophysical universe—by TM, by Zen, by extrasensory development, by marijuana, by whatever method. We are



wooed and cajoled and invited and coerced into an elaborate maze in which we meet only ourselves around every corner, and finally exit where we entered—unchanged, all our hope spent, our greatest achievement the evanescent schemes we devise to describe ourselves to ourselves. The invitation is to allow life itself to become a passage between nothingness and nothingness; a bridge between the first sigh of life and the last sigh of failing mortality.

In the only salvation we need from so paltry a fate, our death must become a gateway to deathlessness. We cannot save ourselves, much less this world. By a more than human power, we must be enabled to reach through that gateway; during our lives, we must already reach beyond the merely human, the merely biological, the merely psychophysical. Not by mere words and knowledge, and not by aspirations only.

For if there is a genuine salvation, it is not enough that even God himself speak to us: we could lug those words around in the same boredom of repetition, hoping for God to drop another phrase or word one day. Nor enough that even God become man: all, God and we, could chat together in that blasted maze. Nor enough that even God survive a death: fine for God, but we would live and die still with no option out of our aloneness. Nor enough that God make us deathless: that would only make eternal the repetitious boredom that now, at least, lasts only a short lifetime.

IN POINT of fact, for real salvation, there must be a new dimension in our human existence; and we must accept to live life on its terms. And we must *know* this salvation in a completely different way from concepts, logic, images, sensations. We must know it in a way that allows us to embrace within our very humanness the *means* of getting outside the fixations of our merely human experience. This knowing can only be an act of belief: God must *enable* me and must *require* me to know this salvation, by believing.

If, instead, the resurrection of Jesus is made into a fairy story or a fad, I have everything to lose. If it is counted as irrevocably past, I am not included. If I must require the authentication of documents signed by men, in order to save my soul, I would spend the rest of my life in Geneva.

No. It was necessary that Jesus die and rise again alive in his body from his grave. Just as it is necessary that I personally forsake my human insufficiency, by believing in that resurrection, and placing in this savior all my hopes of being more than a living soul; of being a life-giving spirit in this existence, and of being eternal beyond the corruption of death. □

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Asking the Town In

HERE ARE dispatches from the front. "Coed falls victim to rapist in Prospect Garden attack." "Assault in Brown." "Dickinson Street prowler compels female residents to switch dorms." "Women report exhibitionism in three campus dormitories." "Dickinson exposure incidents continue to occupy proctors." "Former Dickinson Street resident falls victim to East Pyne assailant."

To attend a university has become a career of danger and daring, upon a good many campuses. The headings in the preceding paragraph do not refer to some college in the inner city: they refer to incidents at Princeton University, where the campus dwarfs the town.

These headings come from an article entitled "Crime and the Open Campus: the Inner City Replaces the Country Club," by Rich Rein, a Princeton graduate of 1969. His report is published in *Prospect*, a handsome bimonthly magazine of recent origin, got up by students and alumni who are concerned about inner and outer confusion at Princeton University. One can obtain copies by writing to the office of *Prospect* at 65 Prospect Avenue, Princeton, New Jersey.

God still is a mighty fortress, but the university campus, almost everywhere, has ceased to be anything of the sort. In medieval times, universities—or rather, their colleges—were walled and watched: one still sees the pattern at Oxford, Cambridge, and St. Andrews. There was reason then; there is reason now.

Princeton is less afflicted than many campuses, but Princeton suffers. In part, Princeton's tribulations seem to have resulted from a symbolic act: the permanent opening of the Fitz Randolph Gates, at the demand of the graduating class of 1970. This gesture was meant to signify that Princeton welcomes town as well as gown. Princeton's authorities forgot, or never knew, that symbolic acts usually have practical consequences, symbols being abstract representations of reality.

A "street minister" in Princeton town knew better. "The open gates were seen by many kids in town as an invitation to come on the front campus and do whatever they pleased," he said. "A lot of us in the community warned the University that it would create an atmosphere it didn't wish." And that house fell, and great was the fall of that house.

Princeton University meant to bestow a kiss upon the universe, but instead opened its arms to the Vandals. What physical mischief many campuses have visited upon themselves by this sort of "open campus" folly, they have paralleled in the realm of the intellect by flinging down their academic standards much as they flung down their gates.

THE LATTER error—the abandoning of the intellectual defenses of the university—is succinctly discussed by Dr. Steven M. Cahn, chairman of the department of philosophy at the University of Vermont. He has published a little book, or large pamphlet, *The Eclipse of Excellence* (Public Affairs Press, 419 New Jersey Avenue, Washington, D.C.). American education teeters on the brink of chaos, he declares. That seems rather cheerful: from kindergarten to graduate school, many already have tumbled into the abyss.

"The saddest feature of the entire situation is that so many teachers and administrators no longer have faith in the educational process or in themselves," Professor Cahn writes. "Lacking all sense of purpose and oblivious to the value of their own intellectual training, those responsible for educational policy have lost their way—and, very possibly, their courage. Their decisions have been made not in an effort to improve education, but in an effort to appease student pressure. The tendency has been to abandon requirements, abandon examinations, abandon grades—in brief, to abandon all educational standards. What is happening on the nation's campuses is that in the name of student freedom, excellence is being disdained and mediocrity glorified, personal achievement downgraded, and aimless, useless activity applauded. In short, due to weakness in leadership, our colleges have fallen prey to intellectual barbarism."

AMONG OUR chief blunders, he points out, has been the submission of the people who are supposed to direct universities to the demand for a false "relevance." Indeed the work of modern universities ought to be relevant to wisdom and virtue, and often it has not been relevant to those ends. But relevance to "newsworthy" events, or to the latest social fads and foibles, is unworthy of a liberal education. As Dr. Cahn says, a principal mission of the university is to develop a power of critical thinking—not to echo the slogans of the demagogue of the hour. As John Henry Newman put it, the mission of the university is to develop a philosophical habit of mind.

Euclid said that there exists no royal road to geometry, and Cahn remarks that there is no royal road to any sort of important learning. He makes a very strong case for examinations and grades. In conclusion, he sketches "Utopia U."—which actually is a rather modest proposal. He scorns academic indolence:

"Some might argue at this point that although the students enrolled at Utopia U. may learn a great deal, they will become increasingly unhappy under the yoke of stiff academic requirements. This objection, however, is fundamentally mistaken. The most unhappy students I have ever met were those who found themselves in a leisurely atmosphere where they learned nothing, while the happiest students were those experiencing the joy of surmounting high intellectual barriers."

In part, the physical disorder of many a famous campus results from a sentimental humanitarianism: "Let's not be beastly to the Hun." In larger part, the intellectual disorder of most campuses results from another aspect of sentimental humanitarianism: let's not ask too much of the slob. As Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge said years ago, "The walls of Jericho fell down, not because the trumpet blast was strong, but because the walls themselves were crumbling." □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Phenomenon

Marabel Morgan comes in color. There's no black and white version. An upper middle class Hausfrau, the kind you see polishing furniture in Pledge commercials. Marabel is vivid, lovely, not beautiful. If you inventoried her face, feature by feature, you might find some disproportion. But her astonished innocence and her intensity discourage analysis. Dinah Shore does or did the same thing with roughly the same facial equipment, and without the innocence. This isn't Susan Sontag or Margaret Mead or Kate Millett. Not an intellectual. Yet, possibly for that reason, Marabel has had a more profound effect on American family life than any woman of our time.

Out my way a male black widow spider has better odds of survival in marriage. I can count eight couples uncoupled or uncoupling in 1974, about a third of our acquaintance. When they visit us by halves, we sterilize the glasses afterward. It's a virus, I think: gauze masks are recommended. One local priest has given up. "They drop by to tell me as they head for a lawyer's office. Usually they leave the motor running." Encounter therapy has been popular of late, yet its base average is just mediocre. Twenty-five per cent destroyed by too much honesty, 25 per cent improved, 50 per cent unchanged (though noticeably more talkative). It isn't surprising in a do-your-own-thing society that gives no moral support to the nuclear family and its traditional roles. For six years with Charlie, her now famous husband, Marabel faced a similar problem. Buboes had appeared in the vital gland of her marriage.

Desperate and afraid, she came up with an idea so simple it was outrageous. It was even Christian. Marabel wouldn't do her own thing, she'd do her husband's thing. She made up a list of his faults and his virtues, then threw away the fault list. She became available to him sexually. In fact, she became downright promiscuous: she wore costumes; several women at once in the same household. She praised his body. She appreciated his work and his pastimes. She gave up nagging; she deferred. The result was electric and reciprocal. Charlie went out of his head with gratitude and love. She applied the same program, see-through costumes aside, to her children. The rest is American history.

"The Total Woman classes came first," Marabel told me long distance from Florida. "Some of my friends

wanted to know the secret." She roughed out a four-session course, two hours one night per week. The demand, hyped by instant results, grew geometrically. "When I wrote the book, I thought that would be the end of it." A slight miscalculation. She now has about eighty teachers nationwide and in Canada, each a graduate, personally chosen and supervised. The Total Woman course costs a reasonable $15; men are never permitted to attend. There are weekly homework assignments. Here's an attractive one: "Be prepared mentally and physically for intercourse every night this week. Be the seducer, rather than the seducee." Marabel is somewhat dumbfounded by her success. She might as well have a patent on the wheel. "Eighty teachers is about all I can handle without endangering my first priority." That first priority, of course, is Charlie and their two daughters.

Her Book, *The Total Woman*, was 1974's Number One bestseller. It outsold Number Two, *All the President's Men*, by nearly 100,000 copies, with about one-hundred-thousandth the publicity. I think that tells you something about America and Americans. In mid-March 1975, *The Total Woman* sold 11,000 copies in *one week*. Yet the *New York Times*, which prints all the news an urban liberal wants to hear, didn't even list it. Pressured, the editors said in a footnote: "The book sold mainly outside metropolitan areas and was only sporadically reported on best-seller lists." To which B. Dalton, one of the nation's largest book chains, replied: "It has sold strongly in B. Dalton stores located in metropolitan areas, unless, of course, we consider Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit, St. Louis, Atlanta, Houston, Tulsa, and Indianapolis as hamlets."

The Total Woman is a Christ-centered book. After the seductive homework assignments, there are others: "Read the third chapter of St. John in a modern translation of the Bible. Jesus has bridged the gap between you and God." Though she doesn't limit her particular gospel to Christians, Marabel will witness gladly: Christ has been her power source. That's the *Times*' problem. Richard Baltzell, a vice president of Fleming H. Revell Co., Marabel's publisher, has told me, "I can understand the *Times*' position. If they listed *The Total Woman*, they'd have to do the same for other religious books. In any year that would mean one-quarter to one-third of the nonfiction bestseller list would consist of religious books." Embarrassing. Throughout the nation, in a depressed market, Christian book sales are up 40 or 50 per cent over the last five years.

Marabel has bridged an important gap herself. The secret lies there. Christians, on the defensive in a radicalized

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society, have stressed traditional religious strictures against permissive sexuality. In doing so they have tended to bring repression home with them. *The Total Woman* emphasizes there can be no strictures between those whom God has joined. "Charlie," she told me, "says he doesn't know if sexy people have discovered Christ or Christians have discovered sex."

Feminist groups attack her. What would you expect? She understands their anger. "I believe in equality between the sexes but no woman has to get married. There's no liberation in changing diapers; still, how much liberation can you find in a nine-to-five job?" The book was meant for women who accept marriage and the family. There are a lot of those left: figures don't lie. I daresay more women have read Marabel's book or taken her course than have joined all the Women's Lib organizations in America put end to end.

That's because *The Total Woman* is rooted in concepts of human courtesy and love. In giving. And in that greatest of Christian virtues, cheerfulness. □

PHOTOGRAPHY

RUTH BERENSON

The Photo as Art

There is an exception to the general gloom of the current art scene: photography. Not do-it-yourself photography, but photography as art. During the Christmas holidays, for instance, 25 photography exhibitions—theme shows, one-man offerings, group shows—could be seen in New York, mostly in museums but also in six commercial galleries catering to collectors. Most of these concerns are only a few years old but all, including the most avant-garde, report that they are doing fine, and though photographic prints still don't command prices comparable to those for paintings or graphics, they are fetching sums that would have seemed preposterous two or three years ago. Thus an early shot of a Mississippi sidewheeler that sold for $20 in 1964 and $500 in 1973 is now priced at $2,000—and such jumps are the rule, not the exception. One respected investment advisory service told its clients that "the market trend is strongly upward today with every prospect of being unreasonably high within the next decade." Even young craftsmen whose work is known only to a relatively select public are doing well. A salesman at the Light Gallery, which specializes in the far-out and the experimental, told me that most of the customers were students who bought only a single print. "But we also have collectors in their forties," he added, "and some of them spend thousands of dollars in an afternoon."

AMERICAN interest in photography goes back to the medium's infancy; Daguerre's booklet on his new process was available in New York within five months of its Paris publication in 1839, and one of the first to try it out was Samuel F. B. Morse, a fine painter as well as inventor of the telegraph. Gadget-minded Yankees fell in love with the new toy and daguerreotypists popped up everywhere; by the time the Civil War broke out, there were enough skilled technicians for Matthew Brady, a Washington photographer, to field a team to the battlefields. The pictures they took on fragile glass plates processed in darkrooms mounted on horse-drawn carts set a precedent for the documentary tradition which still informs American camera work.

The Whitney Museum's *Photography in America*, its major exhibition this winter as well as its first foray into the field, makes it clear that the earliest American photographers deliberately catered to "I'm-from-Missouri" characters for whom seeing was believing. No one in Congress, for instance, credited travelers' tales about the geysers, hot springs, and other geological wonders of Yellowstone until photographers of the 1860s, burdened with the same unwieldy equipment Brady had used, tramped through the wilderness to send back pictures, prompting the creation of our first National Park. Similarly, legislators were unmoved by written reports of the miseries of child labor until Jacob Riis and, a few years later, Lewis Hine, armed with the newly invented Kodak, showed it like it was; only then were the child labor laws passed.

One of the greatest of American photographers, Alfred Stieglitz, devoted much of his life to propagandizing for recognition of the camera's art, both in his magazine, *Camera Work*, and in his gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue, which became a mecca for the avant-garde in the years before and after World War I. In his own work Stieglitz was a purist for whom the clearly defined image, sharply focused, was all-important. Nevertheless, he did not object, as did many of his disciples, to the manipulation of a print for aesthetic or other reasons. "It is justifiable," he wrote once, "to use any means upon a negative or paper to attain the desired result"; he also pointed out that "some of the most maligned prints generally considered 'fake' are in fact nothing more than straight photography from beginning to end." Such was his openmindedness that as early as 1905, Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso could be seen, alongside Steichen and other photographers, at 291; he later introduced Americans to Dada through the work of the American *enfant terrible*, Man Ray.

Man Ray's long career—a retrospective at the New York Cultural Center recently honored his 85th birthday—has not had the attention it deserves; certainly he is as funny, as outrageous, even, as his better-known friend and contemporary, Marcel Duchamp. He did his best work as a photographer, taking incisive portraits of members of the Parisian art world of the 1920s and pioneering, as Moholy-Nagy was doing at the Bauhaus, with overexposures and the like. His "Rayographs," made by placing random objects on photosensitive paper and exposing them to controlled light, are currently a source of inspiration to young American photographers.

FOR MANY of these, the simple, unadorned image of the documentarists, no matter how dramatic or forceful, is no longer a challenge. Instead, they are interested in altering the image to make out of it something quite new, as Man Ray did; some, indeed, have practically discarded their cameras to work with teleprinters or photocopying machines, whose artistic possibilities, they say, are limitless. Others remain faithful to their cameras but print their pictures on anything but paper: they use photosensitized canvas (as do the Photo-Realist painters, in fact) or other textiles, often embellishing them with paint, embroidery, or collage; others work with blueprint paper. Nearly all make only single prints of their work since, as one remarked, "It's no fun copying yourself."

Obviously such efforts owe much to contemporary painters, especially Rauschenberg, Warhol, and the Photo-Real-

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ists, all of whom also use photographic techniques. Still, these young artists insist they are photographers since their work "is not based on the pictorial conventions of the art world" and because "their experience comes out of a continued involvement with the camera." To the average viewer—and perhaps to the more sophisticated—the distinction is unimportant: one responds to a work of art as art, regardless of its materials or how it was made. The fact that, 135 years after its invention, photography and pictorial art are on convergent courses, so that it is often hard to distinguish between them, does not necessarily imply the debasement of either one. On the contrary, their meeting may signal the opening of new vistas for both. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Brave New Vegetables

Unknown to most of us, the breeding of new master races of corn and beans, spinach, lettuce, and so on continues relentlessly among the seed companies, as well as the research stations, here and abroad. Alas, the main concern of this research is not flavor, but convenience and merchandising possibilities.

This is what Derek Fell, Director of the National Garden Bureau, presidential advisor, and author of *How to Plant a Vegetable Garden*, has to say about the future of vegetables. There will be sweet corn with no cob, or rather with a very small core, called a string cob. Canned or frozen, you can get more into a jar or package and you eat it like a candy stick. Furthermore, today's corn cobs won't go through a garbage disposer, but the new one will.

There will be peas which you won't have to shell since the pods will be as tender as the well developed peas. There is now a pumpkin that provides hull-less seeds for snacks. Alas, it is not as orange as a pumpkin should be, but this will be remedied for the super-pumpkin, a "naked" seeded pumpkin that is both decorative and edible. In Taiwan they are working on a heat resistant tomato; in Japan they are breeding a sweet potato that will be acceptable to the recalcitrant Japanese, who should eat American sweet potatoes for their higher nutritional value. The industrious Taiwanese are also working on heat resistant potatoes, soybeans, and Chinese cabbage.

New genes are being introduced into eating corn to make it sweeter, and peas the size of marbles are being worked on. These, according to Mr. Fell, who tasted some, have an excellent flavor (and think of all that shelling!). To Taiwan we also owe the new hybrid Yellow Baby watermelon, a cross between an American female (New Hampshire Midget) and a Chinese male. The work of the most experienced woman breeder of the Orient, this winner has yellow flesh like a pineapple and is much sweeter than an ordinary watermelon, with only half as many seeds. Other future watermelons will grow on a compact bush rather than on their present untidy, spreading vines. The Japanese are working on an edible mushroom which can be grown indoors on a dish of sawdust within two weeks of sowing the spores. And from Mainland China a three-in-one vegetable is in the offing, which is heat resistant, takes just 50 to 60 days to mature from seed, and can be eaten three ways. It has a crown of tender green leaves that can be cooked like spinach, while its thick, central stalk can be peeled and eaten either raw like celery or cooked like asparagus. So much for Mr. Fell.

There is another aspect of all this improving of vegetables—ease in harvesting. Much of our farm produce, like cotton and grain crops, is already harvested mechanically. But coming now is the picking of vegetables by machine, a major change in agricultural technology due to external pressures, including labor costs and the demands of mass merchandising. Supermarket chains, where practically all of the nation's food is sold, require vegetables like carrots and potatoes to be of a quality that can be uniformly graded and packaged. Thus the growers must have tomatoes that ripen uniformly and at the same time, that offer resistance to the fingers of the mechanical harvester, do not crack, and come easily off the plant.

THE SAME applies to all vegetables—they cannot be fragile. Why they are picked mechanically becomes clear when one considers that in the early Sixties, in California, 125,000 acres of tomatoes had to be picked by a labor force of 40,000, and that while an average bean picker can pick 1.06 bushels per hour by hand, a single operator can pick 95.8 bushels per hour by machine. Yet handpicking, when well done, will always be easier on both the plant and its fruit. And the mechanical harvester may also require some tidying up after its work; with beans, for instance, a greater quantity of immature and broken beans and leaves are left which have to be removed later.

Yet harvesters are clever. An attachment that sorts tomatoes by color, dropping the green ones back to the ground, was developed by the University of Pennsylvania. Harvester celery is mechanically cut to standard length, spray-washed, and packed in wire-bound crates in the fields, then loaded on trucks for pre-cooling in the plant, while the machine returns stalk tops and other unwanted parts to the ground, to be turned over later. And why are the heads of mechanically picked lettuce so uniform in size? So that the curved knife that cuts them from their stems can reach them all.

As for the flavor of vegetables, where are the flavors of yesteryear? In your own garden, should you be so lucky as to have one. □

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BOOKS

Dr. Johnson's Luminosity

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Samuel Johnson
By John Wain
Viking, 388 pp., $12.50

"As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner." That was James Boswell's last piquant glimpse of Dr. Samuel Johnson as he sailed off to study law in Holland. The year was 1763—almost two decades before Boswell would write Dr. Johnson up in the greatest biography in the language.

Dr. Johnson, we know, was a tall ungainly figure, full of lurches, shuffles, tics, and twitches; but in just what "usual manner" he rolled his frame on the quay at Harwich, Boswell leaves to one's imagination. The word that catches us is "majestic," for there was true majesty in Dr. Johnson that has entranced connoisseurs of strong character for two centuries. As for his work, an entire course in the liberal arts could be built around it. He wrote poems like "The Vanity of Human Wishes" that no anthologist dares ignore. He compiled our first great dictionary; and the more dated or eccentric its definitions become, the more fun it is to read. He was a fine political reporter, essayist ("steering close to the obvious," writes Mr. Wain of the two hundred *Rambler* pieces, "without a single page of specialist jargon, a single bright epigram, nothing but plain good sense and straightforward piety"), biographer, critic, and fabulist (*Rasselas*). And he talked so well that in his late years he could hardly open his mouth at a party without drawing a crowd.

That we know so much of him is, of course, due to the genius of Boswell, one of the "young dogs of this age" he loved; but Boswell was only ninth among Johnson's friends and contemporaries who tried to capture his likeness on paper, succeeding so famously because he invented a new form of biography for the job. (Contemporaries were scandalized that the biographer of a famous man would stoop to the recording of such "trivia" as what he ate.)

John Wain, the English novelist and critic, now professor of poetry at Oxford, is a curiously diffident biographer. "There is no research in this book," he declares. "Every fact . . . was previously known . . ." Perhaps. But Wain, as a fellow Midlander, has a special purpose. It is to rescue Dr. Johnson from the conventional image we have of him—the alabaster pedant, the ferocious Tory who sharply condemned everything from lady preachers to American liberty ("Why is it . . . that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty from the drivers of Negroes?") to the poet Milton ("a surly republican"). There is no question that this conception of Dr. Johnson is grossly partial, but why does it persist? I think Mr. Wain puts his finger on it when he observes, in one of his excellent critical passages, that "the cast of Johnson's mind was forensic; he liked to make clear distinctions and was irritated by confusions; he carried the habit of examining evidence into everyday life." And minds of such forensic set often seem more crotchety than they are.

The rescue effort is admirably successful. It cannot be said that Mr. Wain has made Dr. Johnson any more human or lovable than Boswell makes him, or less astonishing at times—only that he has portrayed Johnson's noble strengths and human weaknesses so as to make him somewhat more believable to our age.

We oldtime readers of Boswell who think of Johnson as the awesome "great cham" of literature, dictator of taste, tend to forget how hard he struggled. His father, a poor Lichfield bookseller, afforded him reading matter but not cash. From childhood Johnson suffered from scrofula, a painful ailment of the lymphatic system; one of his last letters speaks of "a life radically wretched." He was forced to leave Oxford early, without a degree, because the wealthy young wag who had offered to pay his way neglected to keep the bargain and Johnson was too proud to remind him of it. He then sought jobs teaching school but found none. For sustenance he relied on friends and on a marriage of convenience to a widow twenty years his senior. His early years in London journalism brought poverty and discouragement, and it was not until seven admiring London booksellers banded together in 1746 to commission the dictionary (for £1,575) that he broke free of what Wain calls "hand-to-mouth hack writing." (Even then and later he spent much of his income on a household of dependents, including the freed West Indian slave Frank Barber, who became his principal heir.)

The pattern of his life seems incom-

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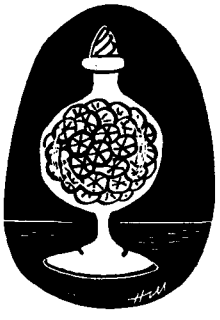
prehensible unless we grasp the pre-Romantic order of things and the powerful religious feelings, resolutely affirmed, to which he harnessed his emotional and physical drives. (Mr. Wain suggests that among the latter was a strenuously repressed and much dreaded masochistic streak.) He did not, in any case, take knowledge of his infirmities as a license to parade or indulge them. Like so many lives painfully built over a foundation of sadness and adversity—like Lincoln's, for instance—Dr. Johnson's glows with a strange luminosity. And humanity.

And what of the fierce Toryism? He had his doubts about the popular tribune Wilkes and supported his exclusion from Parliament. But in general I think Mr. Wain is right in suggesting that Dr. Johnson's views were pragmatic, and often laced with a saving humor. Certainly his views on prisons, slavery, and colonialism were intensely humane in an age that combined elegance with casual cruelty. He startled his dinner companions at Oxford one evening by proposing a toast "to the next insurrection of the Negroes in the West Indies," although one is never told just what mixture of conviction and malmsey goes into an outburst of the sort. The harshness of government policy in Scotland, designed to root out the clans and Jacobite disaffection, so aroused his "generous indignation" that he angrily told Boswell that the lairds, not their tenants, should have to emigrate.

YET Johnson was also a traditionalist who fumed at the news that Lichfield Cathedral leads were being melted down for sale and wrote that the canons should have to drink it. (Then, in a typical second thought, he asked his printers to remove the suggestion for fear that it would wound an old friend who had once helped him—loyalty was his strongest trait.)



Once we get past the quirks, Dr. Johnson remains fresh for all ages, and I am glad Mr. Wain has made that clear. Like all minds of universal scope Johnson's often seems startlingly pertinent. He might have been writing of our own fevered faddism when he wrote of the Puritan upheaval: "It is scarcely possible . . . to imagine the tumult of absurdity and clamor of contradiction which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age when subordination was broken, and awe was hissed away; when any unsettled innovator who could hatch a half-formed notion produced it to the public . . ." Doctor, thou shouldst be living at this hour. □

Homer, The Iliad, translated by Robert Fitzgerald
Doubleday/Anchor, 594 pp., $15

MIRROR OF LANGUAGE

HUGH KENNER

Chinese dogs bark "wang wang," Greek dogs bark "bou bou," English dogs bark "bow wow." So much for the notion that language says things as they are. Languages register simply the observation that dogs say something abrupt, and say it twice. Only human beings really say "bow wow," and English-speaking human beings at that, and what they say resembles what a dog says only to an ear that experience has filled with the rest of the English language.

A local stress in the language field, that's a "meaning."

And no word of Homer's is an isolated event, "meaning" something all by itself. It is a point of stress in the fabric of his dialect, the whole of which responds when the word is uttered. From which it follows that no one can translate Homer (or anything else) "correctly." Look up *polyphloisbos* in the lexicon, and what you find is "loud-roaring." Look up its most famous Homeric occurrence in Alexander Pope's *Iliad* (1715), and for the line in which the priest Chryses, after being rebuffed by Achilles, fares silently home along the shore of the sounding sea, you will find only

The trembling priest along the shore return'd:

from which you may be tempted to conclude that Mr. Pope left something out. (George Chapman—1598—wrote "the sea-beate shore.")

But Mr. Pope was not so naive. He supplies a note on the reticence of Homer, "eloquent in his very silence." The priest says not a word, but walks pensively along the shore, "and the melancholy Flowing of the Verse admirably expresses the condition of the mournful and deserted Father." And Pope then quotes the Greek line: . . . *para thina polyphloisboio thalasses.*

"The melancholy flowing of the verse"! Despite lexicons, Pope knew better than to interject something loud-roaring just at that instant. He was listening to the sound of the whole line, and observing that *polyphloisboio*, despite being a big word, doesn't make a big noise. On the principle of eloquent silence, he omitted it.

ROBERT FITZGERALD also listens to the sounds the whole passage makes, and his various dealings with this famous word are elucidative.

So harsh he was, the old man feared and obeyed him,
in silence trailing away
by the shore of the tumbling clamorous whispering sea . . .

Fourteen years ago, in his *Odyssey*, he dealt with its two occurrences in that poem in two wholly different ways, responding to different local effects.

Once, quickening Homer's narrative, he has only "foaming": the Phaeacian ship bore Odysseus back to Ithaca,

her bow wave riding after, and her wake
on the purple night-sea foaming.

The other time, when Odysseus walks despairing by the sea as Chryses had walked by the sea near Troy, and Homer employs the identical phrase he had used in the *Iliad*, Fitzgerald writes

And then he wept,
despairing, for his own land, trudging down
beside the endless wash of the wide, wide sea
weary and desolate as the sea.

The endless wash, the wideness, the desolation, these do not answer to separate Greek words, they are all extrapolated from that polysemous *polyphloisboio.*

Such multifariousness tends to bewilder scholars, who prefer the Lincoln-log verse of Richmond Lattimore, sturdy, opaque, its members trundled to the site and pegged together. But it is Fitzgerald, unafraid of being thought

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: A posthumous Wodehouse and the last of Jeeves, *The Cat-Nappers* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . Anne-Lize Gotzsche is negative but not kooky on *The Fluoride Question* (Stein & Day, $8.95). . . . New Nabokov is a collection of short stories from the interwar years, *Tyrants Destroyed*. Most appear in English for the first time here (McGraw-Hill, $8.95). . . . *Century's Ebb*, John Dos Passos' last novel, is Gambit's spring leader ($9.95).

■ PARKER POWER: The new list from Prentice-Hall subsidiary Parker Publishing is up to standard. Norvell is back, and just in time, with *Money Magnetism: How to Grow beyond Your Wildest Dreams* ("how the reader may 'image' money before his very eyes with the little-known magnetic money energizers used by the richest men and women in history"). Feeling poorly? Try *Hand Reflexology: Key to Perfect Health*. Seems you just rub your hands to get rid of that nagging backache. But not just any old rub. You need the guidance of a practicing Reflexologist like author Mildred Carter. If Mildred should have an off day, Walter Delaney's *Ultra-Psychonics* sounds all but foolproof. Walter, who sprang from "generations of mystics," is prodigal as he reveals "how to create things out of thin air with 'Ultra-Glyphics' . . . how to multiply brainpower by a factor of 1,000 . . . plans for a 'Psychonic Radar Locator' that can lead to buried treasure"—but you've already been told too much. To round out your collection of power tools, you may want to explore Reese P. Dubin's secret: *Telecult Power* ("Shows the reader how to use a Mental Earphone that lets him hear the thoughts of others . . . how to see beyond walls, floors, ceilings, doors with the amazing Psycho-Videoscope . . . how to broadcast silent commands (Hypno-spells) that must be obeyed, with the amazing Hypno-Phone").

■ MAY BOOKS: Midge Decter tells fellow parents *Where We Went Wrong* with The Kids (Coward, $7.95). . . . Robert Lawrence analyzes *The Great French Operas* for Dodd, Mead ($15). . . . Now Sartre finds himself *Between Existentialism and Marxism* (Pantheon, $8.95). . . . A big life of *Humphrey Bogart* from Nathaniel Benchley (Little, Brown, $14.95). . . . *The War against the Jews, 1933-1945* is by Lucy Davidowicz (Holt, $12.95). . . . Doubleday unveils Henry Wisneski's life of *Maria Callas* ($14.95). . . . *Time*'s man in Washington, Hugh Sidey, teams with photographer Fred Ward for a look at the new Administration, *Portrait of a President* (Harper, $12.95). . . . Ferdinand (*The Rich and the Super Rich*) Lundberg back on top of the same old soapbox with *Nelson and the Other Rockefellers* (Lyle Stuart, $6.95).

"rather free," who has accomplished our time's penetration into the enduring mysteries of Homeric rhetoric. He can manage the famous similes as deftly as the captains by Skamander managed their troops:

And as migrating birds, nation by nation,
wild geese and arrow-throated cranes and swans,
over Asia's meadowland and marshes
around the streams of Kaystrios, with giant
flight and glorying wings keep beating down
in tumult on that verdant land
that echoes to their pinions, even so,
nation by nation, from the shops and huts,
the host debouched upon Skamander plain.
With noise like thunder pent in earth
under their trampling, under the horses' hooves,
they filled the flowering land beside Skamander,
as countless as the leaves and blades of spring. . . .

One needs a good deal of context to gauge the local excellences.

What Homer said of the cranes and swans was "long-necked," a bit of lore worth fixing with language in a time of no zoos nor picture-books, but pointless today. "Arrow-throated" is Fitzgerald's admirably martial invention, and a mark of his concern that nothing shall seem pointless. Then Homer built his first long sentence around eight syllables that resound like anvils, *klangedon prokathizónton*, "uttering their cries the birds keep settling ever forwards." English has no equivalent for that verb, and no strident word with the authority of *klangedon*. Fitzgerald's

with giant
flight and glorying wings keep beating down
in tumult

gets its effect not by word-for-word substitution but by disrupting with enjambment and splendor of diction ("glorying") the progress of his equable measure. And

With noise like thunder pent in earth

—two syllables short, that line tramps like a host.*

Fitzgerald's secret—so far as we can disentangle it from his immense resourcefulness—is a straight-running unobtrusive idiom and a straightforward ten-syllable line in which the slightest deviations become expressive. (Shine polarized light through clear Lucite: every strain makes a rainbow pattern.) It yielded him in the Fifties a magnificent *Odyssey*, arguably *the* Homeric version of our century. If his *Iliad* is a little less successful, that tells us something both about our time's idiom and about the *Iliad*, which will capitulate less often to a technique of iridescences.

THE speeches of the Gods are often obdurate. Homer's long line can roll cliché about with Olympian authority, and Chapman's can echo it:

He spake, and all the Gods gave eare: 'Heare how I stand inclind—
That God nor Goddesse may attempt t'infringe my soveraigne mind . . .

—which is what the Thunder might say, thunder not being renowned for subtlety of thought. Pope's gavel-like rhyme has a like authority:

Celestial States, Immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our Decree, and rev'rence what ye hear.

This time Mr. Fitzgerald's

Listen to me,
immortals, every one,
and let me make my mood and purpose clear

smacks rather of a Balkan cabinet meeting.

And it is a wintry sobriety, expecting no pain to be mitigated, that sustains the *Iliad*'s endless giving and receiving of wounds: a spear between Skamandrios' shoulder blades, a spear through Phereklos' bladder, a spear through Pedaios' nape (upward through the root of his tongue and against his teeth: "So Pedaios fell in the dust, and bit the cold bronze"): all this unrolls with a slow-motion implacability for

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Hugh Kenner's *latest book,* A Home-Made World, *has just been published. Mr. Kenner teaches at Johns Hopkins.*

*Chapman: "The din/Was dreadfull that the feete of men and horse beate out of earth."

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which Mr. Fitzgerald's line is paced a little rapidly, forcing forward the brilliant details as though Homer were trying to be picturesque.

In the *Odyssey*, a tricky shimmering poem by comparison, the rhetoric of the picturesque is seldom out of place. If the *Iliad* gives Fitzgerald fewer opportunities to do what he can do best, he meets the opportunities when they come. The great similes from nature have never been so sinuously rich in English, nor the Mediterranean warmth of details neither martial nor Olympian: such details as the infant frightened by his father's helmet plume.

His father is Hektor, repeatedly "gleaming-helmed," an emblematic epithet which Mr. Fitzgerald, avid for effects of light as is no other translator, at least once renders "glimmering." And Hektor has spoken his farewell to the boy's mother; they both know that they will perhaps not meet again.

As he said this, Hektor held out his arms
to take his baby. But the child squirmed round
on the nurse's bosom and began to wail,
terrified by his father's great war helm—
the flashing bronze, the crest with horsehair plume
tossed like a living thing at every nod.
His father began laughing, and his mother
laughed as well. Then from his handsome head
Hektor lifted off his helm and bent
to place it, bright with sunlight, on the ground. . . .

Just that domestic plainness of idiom —"the child squirmed round": "the father began laughing"—is what can retrieve this from grand opera, as Hektor's recurrent emblematic epithet, "gleaming-helmed," comes to life and assaults the child with all that a child can perceive of the lethal strangeness of war. The crest tossing "like a living thing" is an infant's vision and Mr. Fitzgerald's contribution. Sensing how things look to children is part of our time's sensibility.

What an age can read in Homer, what its translators can manage to say in his presence, is one gauge of its morale, one index to its system of exultations and reticences. The supple, the iridescent, the ironic, these modes are among our strengths, and among Mr. Fitzgerald's. Our best habits of response to life and fortune have no more convincing mirror than his two versions. □

A Time to Die
By Tom Wicker
Quadrangle, 342 pp., $10

THE TESTAMENT OF UNCLE TOM WICKER

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

This book is not so much about Attica as about Tom Wicker at Attica. Wicker writes about himself in the third person, like Norman Mailer and Julius Caesar, though more self-effacingly than they. His modesty is largely misplaced, because it is applied to Wicker the protagonist rather than Wicker the narrator. Despite the latter's condescension to the former, they are too much the same man.

Wicker happened to be at Attica because the inmates wanted him, along with William Kunstler, Bobby Seale, and others, as an "observer." He was thus a walking symbol of capitulation. Yet this seems not to occur to him, and he is consequently puzzled by the bitterness of the guards and soldiers toward him, shocked by the hatred of the townspeople of Attica. The rebelling inmates were, however, glad to see him, and he contrasts their geniality with the hostility of the others. But both sides evidently understood the meaning of his presence better than either Wicker the protagonist or Wicker the narrator.

He tries to be fair and impartial. He is fair to the rebels; impartial to the authorities. If he doesn't hide his prejudices very well, that is because he hardly knows he has any. But the truth is that he was and is a sucker for the rebels. The woman who called him a "niggerlover" saw this better than he does, for he speaks of his loyalties—"instinctive," "conditioned," and "middle class" though they are—as being with the authorities, though his "sympathies" are with the rebels.

He describes the ranting D-yard oratory as "crude but impassioned." Why "but"? Because the passion serves, in his mind, as warranty for the authenticity and therefore the justice of the rebels' claims and demands. But the guards were impassioned too: after the shootout, they erupted in vindictive frenzy against the rebels they were supposed to marshal back to their cells (one badly wounded inmate was repeatedly goosed with a screwdriver to make him crawl). It does not, would not occur to Wicker to apply "impassioned" to *them*. Again, he speaks of the rebels' "rhetorical threats" to kill their hostages. The word "rhetorical" seems intended to suggest "hyperbolical," "merely rhetorical"; yet four of the hostages did get their throats cut (none fatally), so that it seems the would-be executioners were not informed that the threat was merely "rhetorical." Here, as so often, Wicker ascribes a collective intention—a benign one, of course—to the rebels either without or against evidence. (He finds it "disturbing" that three non-rebels were stabbed to death during the four-day stand; but he hurries over this, and draws no conclusion adverse to the rebels.) Now fear of reprisal, confusion, moral compunction, personal affection, squeamishness, loss of nerve, physical resistance—all these must have played their part in saving the lives of the majority of the hostages. Once the state had moved to retake the prison, nothing was to be gained by murdering captives. Still, Wicker ascribes their survival to the simple "decency and humanity" of the rebels.

What is more, he leaves no doubt that he thinks the authorities should have expected this, but failed to do so because of a combination of institutional pressure and racial stereotype. "The hard truth was," he moralizes, "that the Attica brothers had had more faith in the state than the state had had in them. Both had been wrong." Another way to put it is to say that the authorities had taken the rebels' "rhetorical threats" as sincere, and the rebels had taken the authorities' threats as bluff. The result must seem foreordained to anyone who doesn't think you owe your extortionist the benefit of a doubt.

But words like "extortionist" are alien to Wicker, who can only think in terms of "human beings," tragically pitted against each other across an institutional divide. It follows that both sides are obliged to acknowledge each other's humanity, and to "deal straightforward-

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ly and equally." The side that doesn't do this must take the blame. Wicker sees Attica as a symbol of this failure of humanity that is all too typical of America. In a passage of impassioned cliché, he even compares Mayor Daley to Lieutenant Calley as an instance of blindness to human brotherhood.

Here is an instance of what the book offers as the raising of Wicker's consciousness. Walking through the part of the prison that is still under control, he is "literally stopped in his tracks" by the sight of men peering out of their cell doors with the aid of hand mirrors. "With the power of revealed truth, as if a blindfold had been torn from his eyes after years in darkness so that what he first saw would remain as indelibly graven on his brain as if scarred there by light itself, Wicker understood that these men were caged. And he saw in the same instant of blinding truth that to cage a human being was to place the person caged in the condition of a beast in the zoo.

"Was there a more degrading and degenerative act one person could inflict upon another? One could kill, but death has more dignity than some kinds of life. One could mutilate, but only the ephemeral body, which could heal itself. A human being could withstand physical brutality, or try to. But to cage a person designated him as less than human, less than a part of mankind," and so on. He even speaks of the prisoners' "kidnapped humanity." Bathos, malapropism, irrelevance, illogic: does he really mean that the law is worse than the lawbreakers? That capital punishment and penal torture, however revolting, would be steps in the right direction? What does he mean? He should tell us directly, but seems to think his narrative device—advocacy disguised as a (mighty didactic) stream of consciousness—relieves him of the obligation to be lucid.

At the book's moment of truth, Wicker embraces a young convict with the ecstatic realization that the lad is merely "a human being who happened to be black." Elsewhere he puts quotation marks around the phrase "murderers and thieves" as if to say the prisoners are rightly seen as human beings who *happen* to be murderers and thieves. He finds himself feeling a surge of warmth for these men who are, "by any recognized definition," thugs; and one wonders, again, what he means by "recognized." (Apparently he thinks he is helping to refine the conventional categories.) Conversing with a jolly old human being who happens to be a rapist, Wicker, informed of his offense, says, "Jesus, man, that's a hard way to get it." ("Not if you like it good enough," chortles the human being.) Waiving the question what that ribald "it" says about Wicker's own sensibilities, the remarkable thing about his crack is the way it shows him as groveling to ingratiate himself with anyone whom social convention and destiny have placed beneath him—just as he thinks it incumbent on the state to show its "good faith," earn the "trust" of those who hold knives to the throats of the hostages. Hugging the young convict, Wicker exclaims, "We gonna win, brother, we gonna win," abasing even his grammar in a supremely mawkish gesture of liberal condescension.

Wicker the protagonist did this, and Wicker the narrator is innocent enough to *tell* us he did it. Wicker's fatuity makes this a terribly silly book, but his virtues make it moving: and the combination makes it embarrassing. Just after its publication, two of his favorite inmates, Roger Champen ("a natural leader") and Herbert X. Blyden ("a great orator"), were revealed to have absconded with $24,000 from the rebels' defense fund. That ought to bring home the real point of this book even to its author. □

Before the Fall
By William Safire
Doubleday, 704 pp., $12.50

QUIT DOES: THE STORY OF "P"

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

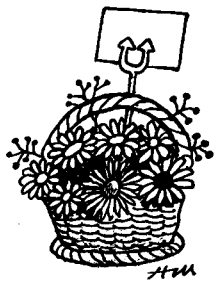
William Safire, one of the first and best of the Nixon speechwriters, left the White House compound just before the Watergate mortar shells began to pound in and just before the Administration froze into traumatic immobility.

For those of us who joined Nixon during the last year (I had come from Agnew), the bunker analogy was very real. In Safire's time, the Administration, no matter how you disagreed with what it did, did things well. "P" of the transcripts was still Richard Nixon in those days, the master politician who always confounded his enemies at the last moment with the big play. But during that last year, it was fourth and long from our own end zone and the quarterback seemed to be suffering from concussion.

Business continued to be transacted in the bunker only because the machinery was still working. In Safire's day, Richard Nixon was still operating that machinery. But during the last year Nixon had crawled deep into the bunker and had become "P." And that "P" is probably the Nixon who will be remembered well into the foreseeable future.

And now Richard Nixon sits Job-like on the ash heap in San Clemente, and he will never come close to achieving that place in history he so ardently desired. But for those willing to listen, Safire's book will at the very least serve as a reminder that Nixon was once much more of a man than "P."

There is Nixon the statesman. It's fashionable now to credit any pluses scored by the Nixon Administration to Henry Kissinger. But to those who were there, William Safire's description of the Kissinger-Nixon relationship rings true. "At first, Kissinger may have seen Nixon as a vehicle for the realization of his own world view, but he soon came to appreciate [Nixon's] understanding of the political and personal motivations of foreign leaders, and his grasp of significant detail that can inspire and illuminate policy."



This grasp of significant detail, in matters both foreign and domestic, shows through in the notes, letters, memos, comments on speech drafts, and informal conversations that Safire records. There is a mean, tough, and sometimes nasty edge to Nixon's comments and observations. But they are nevertheless the comments and observations of an analytic, incisive, first-rate mind.

What went wrong? How did Richard

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Nixon become "P"? Part of the answer, of course, is that Nixon became the victim of his own system. Somewhere along the line he quit, and his men took over.

"The Nixon men," writes Safire, "prodding the bureaucracy—with some success—found themselves building a bureaucracy of their own, and toward the end of the first year began to enjoy what they most criticized."

Nixon, by his own choice, walled himself in so thoroughly that he completely lost touch. His enemies took on sinister proportions, and as his morbid fantasies increasingly fed upon themselves he became incapable of the quick, decisive action which could have nipped Watergate in the bud.

And part of it, of course, was the men he chose to guard that wall. They were men without political, ideological, or philosophical centers, men for whom the only reality was appearance.

In a section in which Nixon's dog is mentioned, Safire adds this footnote. "Before they were married, she [Mrs. Nixon] would take care of his Irish setter, also named King. (Timahoe was added to the current dog because it would be inappropriate for a President of a democratic nation to have a dog with a regal name . . .)"

THAT WAS the sort of thing the men who ran the Nixon White House spent a great deal of time thinking about. And that was one of the great problems. And, of course, men without centers must inevitably structure an Administration in their own image. Pat Buchanan, in a memo written in 1971, which Safire reprints, put it this way: "Left and right, both now argue aloud that the President, and his Administration, do not make decisions on the basis of political principle—but on the basis of expediency; that ours is 'ad hoc government,' which responds only as pressures mount from left or right. Neither liberal nor conservative, neither fish nor fowl, the Nixon Administration, they argue, is a hybrid, whose zigging and zagging has succeeded in winning the enthusiasm and loyalty of neither left nor right but the suspicion and distrust of both."

That may have been the fatal flaw. For in times of stress, when decisive actions must be taken, there is no way to measure the morality of those actions without a philosophical center to provide the standard for measurement.

And finally, there is the man himself, whose strange, brooding, complex character will be analyzed for decades to come. Safire did not know "P," but he knew the Richard Nixon who, when Senator Kennedy was defeated as majority whip, wrote these lines in exactly this form:

"Defeat—doesn't
finish a man—
quit—does—
A man is not finished
when he's defeated.
He's finished
when he
quits."

Only rarely does a man have the opportunity to write his own epitaph. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AN ENIGMA OF BRONTËS, *by Maureen Peters (St. Martin's, 191 pp., $7.50).* The contents, alas, do not live up to the rather nifty title. In the first place, Miss Peters' prim, schoolmistressy tone is not the ideal one for the story of this strange, strange family. (For example, she summarizes an anecdote in which Emily has beaten a bull mastiff unconscious with her bare fists in these words: "It was an act of animal savagery, which has horrified Brontë admirers, but it did show Emily's implacable nature and her strength.") More importantly, this is almost more a monograph than a biography. Miss Peters devotes a good deal of the rather slim volume to putting forth her own, usually sexual, explanations of various events: for example, that Emily and Branwell were or feared themselves to be homosexual; that a close friend of Charlotte's died, not of appendicitis, but in childbirth. Miss Peters may be right in these and half a dozen other points, but if she is, it's almost by accident. Her theories are pure conjecture, built on evidence which could equally well support not only the standard interpretations she is refuting, but also equally ingenious and totally opposite explanations. Occam's razor would come in handy here. LINDA BRIDGES

THE COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF POPULAR MUSIC AND JAZZ, 1900-1950, *edited by Roger D. Kinkle (Arlington, 4 vols., $75).* New York critics reviewing *Good News* recently were driven wild, not about the show but about their inability to remember just where many of the tunes in the 1974 update had actually originated. That was four months ago, before *The Complete Encyclopedia of Popular Music* etc. was on the market. But then it might not have helped them meet their deadline because although this splendidly indexed work will direct you to the right Broadway year for a particular song, it can't make you ignore the temptation to dawdle, browse, savor, smile, remember. So that was the year when everyone was crooning "Why Do They All Take the Night Boat to Albany." Hadn't thought of "Oh Mama, the Butcher Boy for Me" in ages. Certainly didn't remember it was a Rudy Vallee hit. Will the list of movie musicals Hollywood turned out in 1937 ever end? Count them, there were 55 that year, ranging from the entrancing *Shall We Dance?* (Rogers & Astaire, George & Ira Gershwin, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me") to the less so *Waikiki Wedding* (Martha Raye, Bob Burns, Bing Crosby), the hit song of which in case you have forgotten—you have forgotten?—was "Sweet Leilani." When did Gene Krupa split from the Benny Goodman band? Who were the arrangers and sidemen who made possible Paul Whiteman's first ever jazz concert at Carnegie Hall? Roger D. Kinkle's *Encyclopedia* will tell you that and just about everything else you want to know about PR (Prior to Rock) popular music in twentieth century America, including a complete rundown of records by labels. It's all here, indexed and cross-indexed, a student's and a dilettante's delight.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

PICTURESQUE AMERICA: *Original preface by William Cullen Bryant; preface to this edition by Oliver Jensen (American Heritage, 57 pp., $25).* This ring-bound book, put together like an album, reproduces 49 steel engravings from a coffee-table tome of 1874 depicting American land- and city-scapes. It is an early sample of the wave of nostalgia with which publishers will doubtless inundate us before the Bicentennial is over. The originals, by well-known artists and illustrators of the time, vary in approach: some emphasize the romantic and the picturesque, while others are painstakingly matter-of-fact, with each leaf and root carefully individualized in the manner of the Hudson River School. Perhaps unfortunately, the publishers have seen fit to enhance the book's appeal in this age of glorious technicolor by having each plate "hand-colored in the manner of the period" in transparent washes which, while not unpleasant, mean that the delicate tonal effects of the original black-and-whites are forfeited. Nevertheless, the book is appealing, recalling, as the poet William Cullen Bryant put it in his preface, "strange, picturesque and charming scenes . . . which lie outside the usual path of our artists and tourists" in days when these were still unmarred by concrete parking lots and when American towns and cities prided themselves on their differences rather than their plate-glassed uniformity. Since the originals of this type of book are now priced beyond the reach of most of us, this reissue is to be cordially welcomed. The ring format (the rings are made of plastic) makes it possible to remove individual plates for framing. RUTH BERENSON

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LETTERS
(Continued from page 429)

peace in 1943 would have rendered Hitler "well-nigh invincible." Quite aside from the atomic bomb, the manpower and industrial superiority of the Anglo-Americans must have guaranteed their eventual victory.

Professor Lukacs is quite right in considering the Kirovograd story basically implausible. However he is too quick to dismiss the actual peace feelers put out by the Soviets through Stockholm.

In their contact of June 1943 the Soviet representative told Peter Kleist that they were approaching Germany because the West was disregarding their interests.

Now, there was no reason for the Soviets to explain their motives to the Germans (hardly sympathetic listeners), and complaining to them that the democracies were ignoring their wishes would merely have encouraged the Nazis to take a stiffer attitude once serious negotiations began. It is likely that the Soviets hoped that the British and Americans, not the Germans, would be influenced by these gripings. The selection of Stockholm as a site for talks strongly supports this. Far more secure locations for Soviet-German talks could have been found in the Axis states neutral in the German-Soviet war. The Stockholm "peace feelers" were simply another move in the campaign to get as much aid as possible from the West while conquering Eastern Europe.

New York, N.Y. ALAN LEVINE

THEODORACOPULOS
(Continued from page 451)

out of their way to relieve their misery.

Major Larry Means, an Air Force officer stationed in Tan Son Nhut was like that. An ex-track star, he used to organize all sorts of sporting competitions, with heavy betting on the results. The proceeds would go to war victims. He, too, had one thought after leaving. To return and see the Nam in better times. Two American secretaries working in the U.S. Embassy had adopted several war orphans among them, and until the end were trying to adopt some more. One of them stayed after the ceasefire, deciding that Vietnam needed her help more than the U.S. Government.

When my time came to leave, I too thought I would return one day, drive through Hué, swim in Da Nang, have leisurely drinks in Saigon. See the place as it once must have been. See Hoang Mao married, and Tran Van Hui tilling his plot of land. But I guess I won't get to see that sort of thing now. Still, Jane Fonda can be happy about how things are turning out. □

Thomas Molnar

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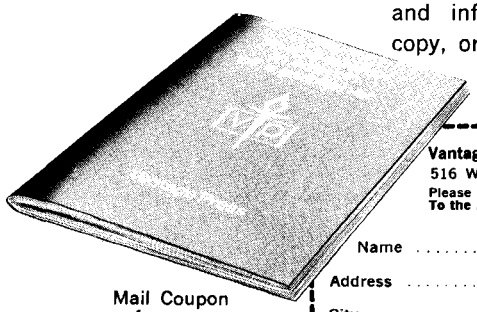

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ANTHONY H. HARRIGAN:

Challenge [and Response].

It is dismaying to learn that when President Ford created the White House Labor-Management Committee all eight posts for "labor" representatives were given to union officials. Yet only twenty-three per cent of American labor belongs to a union.

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WELLS

(Continued from page 453)

servers believed that this silence had been a wise policy.

The available evidence is clear enough. Curiously, the new, essentially popular, anti-Pius literature makes it a point to stress the humane work of Archbishop Roncalli (later Pope John XXIII) for Jews in Istanbul, but rarely quotes his emphatic statement that he did what he did with the explicit approval of Pius himself. Pius' 1942 Christmas message spoke of "the hundreds of thousands who through no fault of their own, and solely because of their nation or race, have been condemned to death or progressive extinction"; and this elliptical but clear rebuke moved the Nazi leader Heydrich to say that the Pope was accusing the German people and becoming the mouthpiece of Jewish war criminals. During his years in Vatican service in Germany, Pius (then Cardinal Pacelli) told a British diplomat that no signature of the Nazi government was worth the paper it was written on; he told the French ambassador to the Vatican: "If you had acted with 200,000 troops [in the Rhineland remilitarization] you would have done an immense service to the world."

What were the judgments of some of the people closest to the scene? Pinchas Lapide, Israeli consul in Italy for several years, an eyewitness himself during the war, and confidant of many firsthand witnesses, wrote: "The Catholic Church saved more Jewish lives during the war than all the other churches, religious institutions, and rescue organizations put together. Its record stands in startling contrast to the achievements of the International Red Cross and the Western democracies. . . . The Holy See, the nuncios, and the entire Catholic Church saved some 400,000 Jews from certain death."

Despite these facts, the lie has succeeded. At a recent symposium conducted at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, a Protestant professor stated flatly that "Auschwitz would not have been possible without the teaching of contempt for two thousand years." A prominent priest lecturer said that, in penance, Christians must now abandon their desire for universal conversion. A Jewish professor from Harvard regretted that Pope Pius XI and Pope Pius XII had not denounced, as earlier popes had, violence against Jews. A news report said that Christians, responsible for two thousand years of antisemitism, felt guilty and threatened at the symposium.

No one at the meeting, as far as the public reports went, suggested that antisemitism was not a moral or legal concept in Christian thinking; that hardly a major Christian movement or treatise has failed to mandate, without hypocrisy or embarrassment, the love of *all* men in imitation of Christ; that the rare hostility to Jews found in Paul, John Chrysostom, Jerome, and others is not philosophy or theology but the reflection of local disputes in which Jews were often enough angry opponents and even persecutors of Christians. There are many reasonable explanations, historical, psychological, and sociological, why competing and unassimilable groups sometimes rub roughly against one another. And there is an obvious difference between estrangement and violence. The viciousness of the Jews who stoned young Stephen to death and the viciousness of Crusaders gone berserk along the Rhine do not reflect a folk instinct; and it is unsound to attribute such excesses to the native principles of two bodies of benevolent religious teaching, both of which are dedicated to the protection of the innocent from wayward human nature.

It is now widely asserted and believed that all Christians are, by their religion, slanted toward hatred. Equally false, but even more socially corrosive, are the frequent statements that Christians and Nazis shared one mentality and did, in effect, cooperate with one another. This is the essential big lie. Historically, intellectually, and spiritually it is illiterate. Faced with almost universal Christian denial that Christians are anti-Jewish in their theology, in their devotional life, or in their personal moral practice, the new propagandists of Jewish-Christian animosity—or at least their auditors—should pause to weigh the alleged evidence being offered.

But one fears the big lie has already won. At a meeting of Catholics and Jews some time ago I denied that I had ever heard of Jews as "Christ-Killers" until I went to seminars on the subject. The chairman replied that that meant nothing—that the worst antisemites were often those who were most affable toward Jews. And he was a good and honest man.

Such is the mind-set that is currently so widespread, to which the slander of Pius XII is the linchpin. It should guarantee a book like *The Pope's Jews* a favorable reception. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On the Collapse of South Vietnam

On The Right

New York, April 12—There isn't anything we can do, at this point, to reverse the situation in South Vietnam. What we *could* do is stop talking about the causes of the South Vietnamese defeat in all those nice formulations whose common denominator is that it wasn't our fault. In preference to taking any such pledge, the columnists for the *New York Times* would prefer atom bombing Hanoi.

It won't help in the case of South Vietnam, but the following points should be made, for future reference:

1. The so-called "will to resist" is a hugely exaggerated factor in assessing a nation's disposition to resist aggression. I assume, for instance that the metropolitan population of New York City deeply desires to resist the city's murderers, rapists, robbers, and muggers, but every year the statistics show with great plainness that the underworld is in more or less effective charge. By this I mean that every year the odds improve for those who desire to murder, rob, rape, or mug.

2. The principal question to ask isn't whether a population has the will to resist its marauders, but whether it has the means and the organization. There is no more eloquent testimony than the lengths the refugees have gone to avoid coexistence with the enemy from the North on the point of what the South Vietnamese population *desires*. It desires to keep the enemy away. We all took it for granted that the people who inhabited the Lowlands, and the Republic of France, had the "will" to resist the armies of Adolf Hitler. But they contained Hitler less successfully, over a shorter period of time, than South Vietnam contained North Vietnam. And if, say in the summer of 1941, the United States had decided to end all aid to England and the Soviet Union, there is every reason to suppose that Hitler would have occupied London and Moscow. Thieu never had the means to carry the offensive into North Vietnam. We do not know how it would have gone if he had had those means. It may well be that the South Vietnamese people, being a pacific breed, would have fought poorly that far away from home. This is a commendable, not disdainful, national trait.

3. The best organization of a military machine is done by the leader who is without human scruple. The history books are ever so fond of talking about the "corruption" that surrounded Chiang Kai-shek. There is no doubt that it did, as there is no doubt that he cavilled at certain means of eliminating corruption.

The courts of New York City could exhibit their will to reduce the criminal element in New York quite readily. All it requires is that you shoot everybody you catch stealing. It is quite literally that simple. Thieu's toleration of corruption has earned him the contempt of many American peacocks of civic righteousness. One wonders whether they would have admired him more if he dealt with corruption the way they deal with it in North Vietnam, or China? A country that loses a war against an enemy that fights like Genghis Khan deserves something closer to sympathy than contempt.

4. The combination of ruthlessness and audacity is powerful. Cortés brought with him to Mexico 508 soldiers, 100 seamen, 16 horses, ten bronze guns, four falconettes, and 13 shotguns, and conquered an empire of brave, but easygoing people. The North Vietnamese, day by day, developed an arms edge over the South Vietnamese and calmly constructed great superhighways down which to parade the unlimited supply of tanks showered on them by Moscow and Peking even as Congress slowly closed the faucet.

For every observable sin committed by Thieu, the leaders of the Third Republic in France committed a dozen. But it takes a special sort of callousness to say that a failure to develop the characteristics appropriate to resisting Genghis Khan merit life under Hitler, which is the kind of life toward which the South Vietnamese are now headed.

5. We are entitled to conclude that the North Vietnamese did indeed fight as bravely and as tenaciously as Hitler's soldiers. □

THE INDIFFERENCE TO PORTUGAL

New York, April 14—The incapacitation of our Central Intelligence Agency is a matter of concern for those who think about the problems of the day after tomorrow—for instance, about the disintegration of NATO and what that would mean; for instance, about the loss of the Azores. A great deal has been said about this curious paralysis that is setting in in American foreign policy. Did you know that as things now stand, no covert action of any significance can be taken without the written—yes, written—authorization of the President, and without communicating the nature of the enterprise to fifty, yes fifty, congressmen and senators? As well announce the enterprise at a press conference.

Consider Portugal. The Communists there are playing a game both sly and obvious. Already, they have simply eliminated from effective participation the parties on the moderate right and the center. The ballot counting will be done by Communist agents, and what we shall probably see is not a Communist coup of the Czechoslovakian kind, though that would be easy to arrange as things are going, but a Communist-oriented government dominated ostensibly by the military, though actually by the Communist Party.

Now this is something that need not, actually, be. That is to say, dispassionate soundings of Portuguese opinion suggest that in a genuinely free, contested election, the Communists would win something on the order of 10 per cent of the vote. To use the popular phrase of the day, should we conclude that the 90 per cent do not have "the will to resist"? I invite, you, with all the will in the world to resist, to go and stage a pro-democratic rally in Lisbon these days. You need not only the will to resist, but something on the order of physical immortality.

Under normal, healthy circumstances, the Central Intelligence Agency would, behind the scenes, be active in helping the democratic forces in Portu-

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gal. How? Well, let's think. What's the stuff of revolution, before the jackbooted men take final control? Television. Radio. Pamphlets. Newspapers. These are almost impossible to maintain in Portugal, given the harassment by the Communists. Under the circumstances, true friends of Portugal would undertake to help. By, for instance, getting the printing done, delivering the papers to specified points, helping with the distribution. What you need, primarily, is cash and facilities. That, and a sense of fraternity with other people in the world who identify themselves with your struggle.

The internal preoccupations of Europe have been much written about. But it seems incredible that there should be so little expressed concern over what is happening in Portugal. I have a feeling I know the psychological causes of it.

Many Europeans are indulging themselves in a retroactive pout over the long dominance of Salazar. I can hear the boulevardiers of Paris saying it: "Why should we concern ourselves over the loss of Portuguese freedom? They haven't had any freedom in a generation. They don't know what it's like. If they could live for so long under a Fascist, why not let them live for a while under the Communists?"

WHAT'S wrong with that statement is several things. 1) It is wrong to seek to punish a whole people because they were punished before. If a man is detected, forgotten at Devil's Island for twenty years, it is not appropriate to say: let him continue to live there another twenty years. 2) The difference between life under Salazar and life under a Communist dictator is qualitatively huge, if you attach any importance at all to, say, freedom of religion, freedom of emigration, freedom of movement, freedom to change one's job, freedom to join a union, freedom to read books of one's choice, freedom to nonpolitical justice by the courts.

But most importantly, 3) Salazar was an indigenous despot. He came to power at a moment when Portugal was deep in anarchy. He never attempted to export his rule: Mozambique and Angola had been Portuguese forever, and on the day he died, Portugal did not lay claim to an inch of territory it hadn't had when Salazar came in.

By contrast, the Communists are unabashedly in league with Communists the world over, most particularly the Soviet Union. Their aim is to neutralize NATO, and perhaps by the exercise of just a little restraint, overcome that lingering fear of Communist rule in Italy and France where the huge Communist Parties are restrained by that well grounded fear that they would go too far if in power.

Where, then, are the brigades? Where are the expressions of support for the democratic groups in Portugal? Or is it assumed that the problem will be left to Spain: to send in, at the margin, a military detachment to abort a Communist takeover? How lonely it is, nowadays, to be afloat in the world, desiring freedom for yourself, and help from those who have it. □

WHILE LOOKING AT THE FAIRNESS DOCTRINE

New York, April 4—Mr. Fred Friendly, professor at Columbia and mogul at the Ford Foundation, is, unhappily, a liberal of stubborn integrity which is in this case defined as someone who believes that even people who disagree with him have the right to be heard. This position is as widely proclaimed by American liberals, particularly those in university faculties, as it is violated. Mr. Friendly made his reputation as the theatrical genius behind Edward R. Murrow, whose highly tendentious, highly inflammatory, highly successful series *See It Now* Mr. Friendly wrote and produced during the early Fifties, initiating what we now accept as "television journalism."

Not unexpectedly, Mr. Friendly has always been alarmed by the so-called Fairness Doctrine of the Federal Communications Commission, interpreting a congressional statute of 1949. Drastically compressed, what you have floating about is a legislative-administrative-judicial thundercloud that now and then looses a bolt of lightning against this tiny little radio station, or that mastodonic television network, in punishment for inadequately complying with the inexactly articulated doctrine that the airwaves cannot be used either 1) to defame a particular person, without giving him the chance to reply; or 2) to represent a particular point of view so strenuously as directly, or indirectly, to suggest either that alternative points of view don't exist, or else that they are not worth the attention of serious people.

What Mr. Friendly has always been afraid of is that the Federal Communications Commission, or the courts themselves, will actually reach down into the editor's desk and do the editing of a particular show, or series, to assure "fairness." He is absolutely correct that no single program on television (or article in a magazine) can be successfully edited by attorneys for both sides of any question. It is the historical application of the Fairness Doctrine, and the record of the FCC and the courts concerning it, that brought Mr. Friendly to write a book, an excerpt from which was featured in the *New York Times Magazine* of March 30, wherein Mr. Friendly reveals fascinating information he came upon in the course of his researches.

Fascinating particularly in the post-Watergate Age. Very simply, what he exposes is a huge Dirty Trick Enterprise of the Democratic Party under the leadership of Presidents John Kennedy in 1963 and Lyndon Johnson in 1964.

What happened is that the Democratic National Committee, under the prodding of the White House, decided to take advantage of the Fairness Doctrine by stimulating complaints against hard Right radio commentators, of the stripe of Billy James Hargis. To accomplish this, they 1) set up a phony committee, apparently divorced from the Democratic Party but in fact funded by it; 2) laundered a pile of Party money and slithered it into that committee; 3) appended that committee to a dormant tax-free committee, in order to lubricate the operation, make it less painful for the donor and less obvious to political sharpshooters; 4) gulled Arthur Larson, a prominent Republican innocent close to Eisenhower, into heading the committee, without tipping him off to the fact that it was an undercover parapolitical operation of the Democratic Party; 5) subsidized a Left hack polemicist to originate the alleged complaints, which were then directed under the Fairness Doctrine to the FCC; and, while he was at it, to write a scurrilous book about Senator Goldwater which was subsidized in exactly the way that the book about Justice Goldberg was subsidized by one of the Rockefellers.

THERE IS no doubt, Mr. Friendly quotes one of the principals, that if what they did in 1963-1965 had been done ten years later, the lot of them would have made splashy appearances before the Watergate Committee, and —I add—probably before old Maximum John. Mr. Friendly's larger thesis, elaborating the dangers of any particular supervision by the courts of individual radio and television programs, mustn't be lost in the general excitement. But one hopes that the liberal moralist on night duty for the Establishment will take the time to express an appropriate shame and contrition over the hypocrisy, deception, and unlawfulness of the Democratic Creeps of ten years ago. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Persons in command — 51 1 16 132 107 71 113 125 40

B. Author of *The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* — 32 96 147 153 3 138

C. A military career — 36 24 13 29

D. A ship's crew as distinguished from the officers — 56 4 87 83 97 105

E. Floored with brick, stone, or other solid material — 80 34 9 160 137

F. Stretched out — 90 84 100 50 7 157 73 58 121

G. Price of entrance — 124 151 108 38 17 114 48 111 15

H. A short authorized absence from naval duty — 128 93 140 10 161 39 74

I. Protection against economic vicissitudes — 5 14 33 44 57 72 78 92

J. Bestows — 46 115 52 76 20 11 86

K. Rudely unapproachable in manner — 55 43 98 144 59 123

L. An act of encroachment — 70 6 22 129 35 126 122 139 42 155

M. Harsh-sounding — 116 149 21 131 60 156

N. A type of sword — 133 75 102 141 117 82

O. Medicine men in primitive cultures — 25 30 37 41 49 61 79

P. An African antelope — 145 150 23 45 103

Q. Networks spread by spiders — 99 148 104 31 118 152 26

R. Modified — 77 158 19 127 101 109 2 69 81 112

S. These are included in the tenth amendment to the U. S. Constitution — 95 54 18 28 63 67 119 130 159 65 91 146

T. One of the moods of a language — 154 12 53 89 106 135 143 27 62 66

U. Musical compositions for eight parts — 8 88 47 120 64 134

V. A squatter — 136 68 110 94 85 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 468 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 A	2 R	3 B	4 D	5 I	6 L		7 F	8 U	9 E	10 H	11 J	12 T	13 C	14 I	15 G
16 A		17 G	18 S	19 R	20 J	21 M	22 L	23 P	24 C	25 O	26 Q		27 T	28 S	29 C		30 O	31 Q	32 B
	33 I	34 E	35 L	36 C	37 O	38 G	39 H	40 A		41 O	42 L		43 K	44 I	45 P	46 J	47 U	48 G	49 O
50 F		51 A	52 J	53 T		54 S	55 K		56 D	57 I	58 F	59 K	60 M	61 O	62 T	63 S		64 U	65 S
66 T		67 S	68 V	69 R	70 L	71 A	72 I	73 F	74 H		75 N	76 J		77 R	78 I	79 O		80 E	81 R
82 N	83 D	84 F	85 V		86 J	87 D	88 U	89 T	90 F	91 S	92 I		93 H	94 V	95 S	96 B	97 D	98 K	
99 Q	100F	101R	102N	103P		104Q	105D	106T	107A	108G	109R		110V	111G		112R	113A	114G	115J
116M	117N	118Q	119S	120U	121F		122L	123K	124G	125A		126L	127R	128H		129L	130S	131M	132A
133N	134U		135T	136V	137E		138B	139L	140H	141N	142V	143T	144K	145P	146S		147B	148Q	149M
150P	151G		152Q	153B		154T	155L		156M	157F	158R	159S	160E	161H					

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9:30 PBS Network*

* Subject to local scheduling

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Sunday April 27th
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* Subject to local scheduling

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IBM Reports

The computer and research

The computer serves society in many ways. It is an information organizer, helping deal with large amounts of data. It is a productivity tool, helping us make better use of our resources. It is a management tool, providing perspective on complex decisions.

The computer is also a major research tool, perhaps the most useful of any at the disposal of science today. It is being used to explore many different frontiers of the natural world mathematically—recreating and analyzing interactions that could not otherwise be observed or understood.

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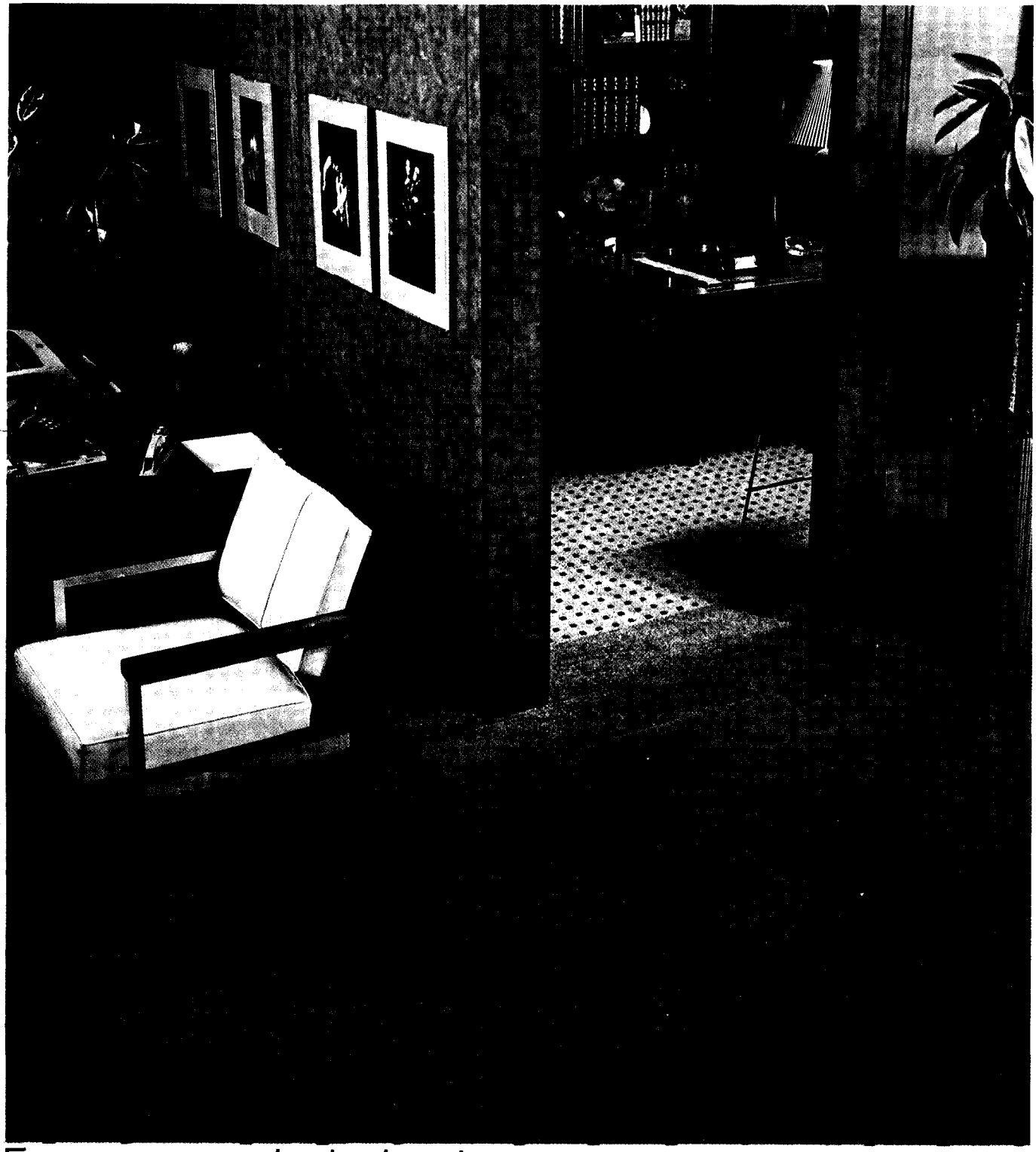

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